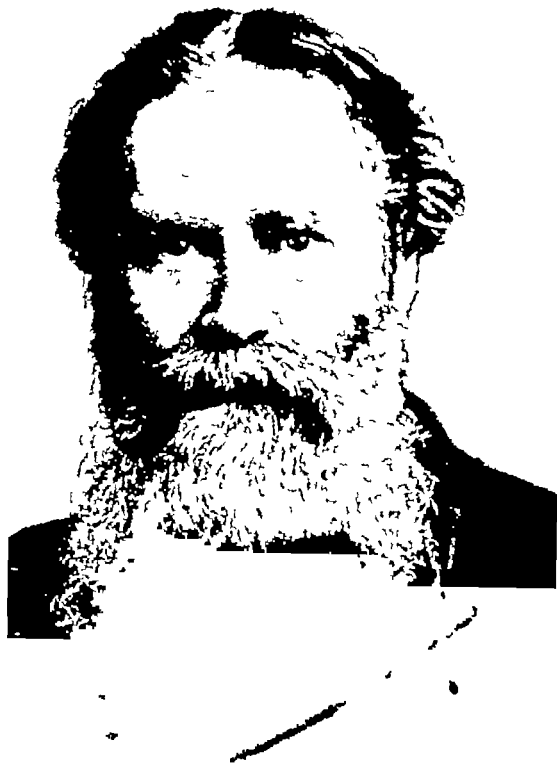




POEMS BY  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

# POEMS

BY  
JAMES RUSSELL  
LOWELL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY  
HILAIRE BELLOC

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## INTRODUCTION

to satisfying and fulfilling the mould upon which the artistic creation was conceived. Lines of this sort become the permanent quotations of a language and it is worth remembering that they do not proceed from the greater writers alone but also from the lesser so true is this that in more than one case the author of such lines has been completely forgotten and in many cases remains wholly unknown to the culture of his race.

John P.

Robinson he

Says they didnt know everything down  
in Judee

is a quotation certainly permanent

The silent headman waits for ever

applied as a metaphor to the self punishment of crime has the same character. It is used foolishly in the poem *Villa Franca* of a subject which a man in Lowell's position could not understand, but the excellence of the line does not depend upon the knowledge or ignorance of the poet though it *does* depend (and this brings me to my next point) it does depend to no small extent upon the virtue of the writer.

## INTRODUCTION

This last assertion—that artistic excellence depends to no small extent upon the virtue of the writer—is a doctrine that needs some defence even at the present day. A few years ago it might (in England) have seemed mere paradox, yet it is a sound doctrine, and one which has behind it the common sense and experience of mankind. It has been most nobly expressed perhaps in the immortal couplet of Ronsard<sup>1</sup>. It has been put forward as a philosophic truth by Aristotle himself, and it is a matter capable of continual test in contemporary literature: not that mere virtue is a seed of good verse or prose, but that virtue or virtuous emotion of a certain intensity is potentially full of high expression, and, conversely, without any doubt an imagination tarnished by an opposition to virtue is to that extent warped in artistic expression. There is no permanently satisfying poem or essay in defence of or tainted with cowardice, cruelty, avarice, or hypocrisy. The moment such motives appear in a composition an irritant appears along with them which destroys its flavour. Nor is it possible to achieve

1 " Ceux dont la Fantaisie  
Sera religieuse et devote envers Dieu  
Tousjours acheveront quelque grant Poesie "

## INTRODUCTION

excellence in such a direction save under the safeguard of irony and the necessity of that irony is proof that direct expression of such emotions is not matter for art.

Now James Russell Lowell though intent upon matters very remote from us was not only frequently filled, and to an intense degree with just emotions but was evidently possessed of a passion to have those emotions satisfied. This is that driving force which Our Lord (according to the tradition of the Church) blessed under the title "a hunger and thirst after justice" or some such words—at least this is the form which Episcopal councils have sanctioned.

Many reading this may be inclined to quarrel with so high a praise. They will point out that Lowell was almost invariably upon what is to us in Europe the wrong side. That he had with regard to our affairs in France and Italy and Ireland and the rest a monstrous newspaper manufactured opinion. His Irishman for instance is the comic Irishman of *Snapshots*. His French revolution resembles that of Mr Arnold Forster. His English man is a Yankee. I can imagine a critic exclaiming "But good heavens! the man thought that Napoleon III was in league with the Jesuits!" or again "But good



## INTRODUCTION

heavens! the man was taken in by our governing classes' sudden conversion and their hugging of the North when the South was hopelessly beaten!" Perfectly true. But a virtuous emotion is quite independent of information upon the subject of its affection, and that "hunger and thirst after justice" can but act upon symbols in the mind. If a man *thinks* the things are thus and thus, and thinking so takes the right line, it matters nothing to his soul nor anything consequently to his literary production whether they *are* thus and thus or no. His conscience has acted upon the facts presented to his intelligence, and it could do no more.

Attached to this erroneous form of civil against Lowell and men like Lowell is a much truer exception which is sometimes taken to such men and their work. How, it may be asked, can good verse proceed from one who, though possessing the emotions just described, and to an intense degree, is also affected with mental vices utterly inimical to poetic effort? It is evident that Lowell suffered from two vices (among others) which are as disastrous to poetic inspiration as they are to the allied enthusiasm of military valour. These are, *first*, the vice so wittily hit off by Butler

## INTRODUCTION

as compounding for sins one is inclined to by damning those one has no mind to *secondly* the hatred of that which one has defeated and the respect of that which has defeated oneself Both emotions are rooted in the same religion and philosophy both are despicable and both servile Those who can savour striking verse will not despise the antepenultimate stanza of the tenth Biglow paper

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth  
Will take to twitchin' round the corners;  
I pity mothers, in, down South  
For all they sot among the acorners:  
I'd sooner take my chance and stan  
At Judgment where your meanest slave is,  
Then at God's bar hol' up a han  
Es drippin' red ez yours Jeff Davis!

It is striking verse, but we in Europe feel how revolting is that last allusion to the defeated cause and to the heroic tenacity of its chiefs.

The poem is a fine poem from beginning to end It is so fine that any reader unacquainted with the main facts of history might pass by the line in question without comment and imagine Mr Davis to have been some traitor upon the Northern side whose treason had prolonged the war

## INTRODUCTION

mutton fat popped into the mouth by mistake for a new potato

Here it is—

“Old events have modern meanings, only that survives

Of past history which finds kindred in all hearts and lives ”

Scansion, sentiment, choice of words, order, everything, are things to groan at ! Here is another

“Then the revulsion came that always comes After these dizzy elations of the mind ’

It is from that long poem on the Cathedral of Chartres, which from respect for him and for the reader I have omitted from this collection

He was always at it But my answer to those who might choose to quote the innumerable occasions upon which Lowell was thus guilty is to quote another stanza, and to beg their close attention upon it It is from the famous *Ode to France*

“As, flake by flake, the beetling avalanches Build up their imminent crags of noiseless snow,

Till some chance thrill the loosened ruin launches,

In unwarned havoc on the roofs below,

## INTRODUCTION

So grew and gathered through the silent  
years  
The madness of a people.

Here again the history is deplorable—but much of the verse is excellent. That very poem of *The Cathedral* from which I have quoted that amazing couplet has embedded in its monstrous bulk eleven austere words that do not miss their mark.

A shape of vapour mother of vain dreams  
And mutinous traditions.

Lowell indeed was possessed (though not to a high degree nor upon frequent occasions) of that gift which his fellow countryman Longfellow remarkably enjoyed the gift of detecting while a poem is still in formation within the mind, short groups of rhythm and of verbal arrangement which will satisfy the genius of the language. It was this that led him as it led Wordsworth to lift unconsciously a whole line out of another poem. But at least Lowell did put in one new word. "I have loved thee Freedom as a boy" is not absolutely identical with Byron whereas the chunk of Milton in Wordsworth's *Excursion* (I think) is literally exact. It is a debatable point whether it is well or ill

## INTRODUCTION

to be slightly original in efforts of this kind

Lastly, how much of Lowell will survive? To this no answer can be given. There are poets so long dead, and with reputations so mature, that, big or little, they must necessarily endure with the language in which they wrote. There are others so universally praised during so sufficient a time that one may be certain of their endurance also, as Keats and André Chénier. There are others again who, though they be but recently dead (or even still living), are by the bulk and solidity of their contemporary fame secure. Thus Byron, Victor Hugo, Dryden, Corneille could justly be thought immortal before they died. There are others, a very few, who gradually grow to fame long after death. Their quality always secures them a band of enthusiasts from the beginning. Lowell, of course, belongs to none of these, but the chances for and against his survival may be summed up, though no issue may be arrived at. They are as follows —

Against him that he wrote such masses below the level even of mere verse, that much of his best stuff was written in dialect, and worst of all that the illusions, a sympathy with which made so many

## INTRODUCTION

readers sympathetic with his verse good or bad are already moribund. The fond picture nourished for a whole generation in Cambridge Massachusetts, in Balham and in no small section of the university of Oxford has faded. The future is not to the middle classes of the puritan states of New England nor to "the residential suburbs" of our industrial hells. The future is to the victor in a struggle of proportions quite beyond any scale with which men like Lowell could measure—a struggle in which the opponents of the Catholic Church for instance, will not worry about "enlightenment" nor waste much time in speechifying before Garibaldi a struggle in which the opponents of private property in land and machinery will not waste much ink over the Prince of Peace. Lowell is handicapped by his being immersed in interests that were always petty and seem to-day ridiculous. He was further handicapped by that fundamental ignorance of history which is to a politician the most fatal lacuna in knowledge because history is the science of mankind.

On the other hand he has provided quotations fairly fixed in the language, and his is the principal popular commentary upon the destruction of the old English

## *INTRODUCTION*

civilization of the Southern States of America, a catastrophe which, whatever be the fate of the cosmopolitan North in the future, will always possess historical interest as one of the three or four great National Tragedies of the nineteenth century

H. BELLOC

# Contents

	Page
Thraab away you'll hev to rattle	1
This kind o' sognen	8
Juvenor B. is a sensible man	17
So? Hez be? He hain't, though?	21
Here we stan on the Constitution	37
I du believe in Freedom's Cause	43
Dear Sir — You wish to know my notions	48
I spose you wonder waze I be	53
I spose you recollect	66
The Courtin	83
It's some consid'ble of a spell	88
Jason and Sildell: A Yankee Idyll	109
I had it on my Min	136
Festina Lento	157
A Message of Jeff Davis in Secret Session	161
Speech of Honourable Preserved Doe in Secret Caucus	173
Sunthin in the Pastoral Lane	192
(1867)                      xvii                      1	



# CONTENTS

	Page
Latest Views of Mr Biglow - - -	210
Kettelopotomachia - - -	218
Mr Hosea Biglow to the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly - - -	227,
Mr Hosea Biglow's Speech in March Meet- ing - - -	235
My Love - - -	259
The Street - - -	262
Hunger and Cold - - -	263
To the Dandelion - - -	267
Ode to France - - -	270
A Parable - - -	280
To Lamartine, 1848 - - -	283
Aladdin - - -	287
Mahmood the Image Breaker - - -	288
Ode recited at the Harvard Commemora- tion, July 21, 1865 - - -	291

"Thrash away,  
you'll hev to  
rattle"



Thrash away you'll *hev* to rattle  
On them kittle-drums o yourn —  
Tain't a knowin kind o cattle  
That is ketched with mouldy corn  
Put in stuff you fiser feller  
Let folks see how spry you be —  
Guess you'll tost till you are yellor  
'Fore you git ahold o me!

That air flag's a leeble rotten,  
Hope it ain't your Sunday's best —  
Fact! it takes a sight o cotton  
To stuff out a soger's chest  
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer't,  
Ef you must wear humps like these  
S'posin you should try salt hay fer't  
It would du ez allick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southun fellers  
They're a drestle graspin set

## “THRASH AWAY

We must ollers blow the bellers  
Wen they want their irons het,  
May be it's all right ez preachin',  
But *my* narves it kind o' grates,  
Wen I see the overreachin'  
O' them nigger-drivin' States

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,  
Hain't they cut a thunderin' swarth  
(Helped by Yankee renegaders),  
Thru the vartu o' the North!  
We begin to think it's nater  
To take sarse an' not be riled,—  
Who'd expect to see a tater  
All on eend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—  
There you hev it plain an' flat,  
I don't want to go no fuder  
Than my Testyment fer that,  
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,  
It's ez long ez it is broad,  
An' you've gut to git up airly  
Ef you want to take in God

'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers  
Make the thing a grain more right;  
'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers  
Will excuse ye in His sight,

## YOU LL HEV TO RATTLE

Ef you take a sword an dror it,  
An go stick a feller thru,  
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it  
God'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o meetin -goin  
Every Sabbath wet or dry  
Ef it's right to go amowin  
Feller-men like oats an rye?  
I dunno but wut it's pooty  
Trainin round in bobtail coats —  
But it's curus Christian dooty  
This ere cuttin folks's throats.

They may talk o Freedom's airy  
Tell they're pupple in the face —  
It's a grand gret cemetary  
Fer the barthrights of our race  
They jest want this Californy  
Sos to lug new slave-states in  
To abuse ye an to scorn ye  
An to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee  
Take sech everlastin pains,  
All to git the Devil's thankees  
Helpin on em weld their chains?  
Wy it's jest ez clear ez figgers  
Clear ez one an one make two,

## "THRASH AWAY

Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers  
Want to make wite slaves o' you

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to  
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,  
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,  
Any gump could larn by heart,  
Labourin' man an' labourin' woman  
Hev one glory an' one shame  
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman  
Injers all on 'em the same

'Tain't by turnin' out to hack folks  
You're agoin' to git your right,  
Nor by lookin' down on black folks  
Coz you're put upon by wite,  
Slavery ain't o' nary colour,  
'Tain't the hide thet makes it wus,  
All it keers fer in a feller  
'S jest to make him fill its pus

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye? e  
I expect you'll hev to wait,  
Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye  
You'll begin to kal'late,  
S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'  
All the carkiss from your bones,  
Coz you helped to give a lickin'  
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

## YOU LL HEV TO RATTLE"

Jest go home an ask our Nancy  
Wether I d be sech a goose  
Ez to jine ye,—guess you d fancy  
The eternal bung wuz loose!  
She wants me fer home consumption  
Let alone the hay's to mow —  
Ef you're arter folks o gumption  
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin  
Like a cockerel three months old —  
Don't ketch any on em goin  
Though they be so blasted bold  
Ain't they a prime lot o fellers?  
Fore they thlak on't they will sprout  
(Like a peach thet's got the yellars)  
With the meanness bustin out.

Wal go 'long to help em stealin  
Bigger pens to cram with slaves  
Help the men thet's ollers dealin •  
Insults on your fathers graves  
Help the strong to grind the feeble  
Help the many agin the few  
Help the men thet call your people  
Witewashed slaves an peddlin crew!

Massachusetts God forgive her  
She's akneelin' with the rest

## “THRASH AWAY

She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever  
In her grand old eagle-nest,  
She thet ough' to stand so fearless  
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,  
Holdin' up a beacon peerless  
To the oppressed of all the world'

Han't they sold your coloured seamen?  
Han't they made your envys wix?  
Wut'll make ye act like freemen?  
Wut'll git your dander riz?  
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'  
Is our dooty in this fix,  
They'd ha' done't ez quick ez winkin'  
In the days o' seventy-six

Clang the bells in every steeple,  
Call all true men to disown  
The tradoozers of our people,  
The enslavers o' their own,  
Let our dear old Bay State proudly  
Put the trumpet to her mouth,  
Let her ring this messidge loudly  
In the ears of all the South —

“I'll return ye good fer evil  
Much ez we frail mortils can,  
But I wun't go help the Devil  
Makin' man the cus 'o' man,

## YOU LL HEV TO RATTLE

Call me coward, call me traiter  
Jest ez suits your mean idees —  
Here I stand a tyrant-hater  
An the friend o God an Peace!"

Ef I d my way I hed ruther  
We should go to work an part  
They take one way we take t other  
Guess it wouldn't break my heart  
Man hed ough to put asunder  
Them thet God has noways jined  
An I shouldn't gretly wonder  
Ef there s thousands o my mind.



# This kind o' sogerin'



A LETTER FROM MR  
B SAWIN, PRIVATE IN  
THE MASSACHUSETTS  
REGIMENT

This kind o' sogerin' ain't a mite like our  
October trainin',  
A chap could clear right out from there  
ef't only looked like rainin',  
An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their  
shappoes with bandanners,  
An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-  
room with their banners  
(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted), an' a  
feller could cry quarter  
Ef he fired away his ramrod arter tu  
much rum an' water  
Recollect wut fun we hed, you 'r' I an'  
Ezry Hollis,  
Up there to Waltham plain last fall,  
along o' the Cornwallis?  
This sort o' thing ain't *jest* like thet,—I  
wish thet I wuz funder,—  
Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks comes  
kind o' low fer murder,

## THIS KIND O' SOGERIN

(Wy I've worked out to alartern some  
fer Deacon Cephas Billins,  
An in the hardest times there wuz I  
ollers tetched ten shillins,)  
There's suttthin gits into my throat thet  
makes it hard to swaller  
It comes so nateral to think about a  
hempen collar  
It's glory — but in spite o' all my tryin  
to git callous,  
I feel a kind o' in a cart aridin to the  
gallus.  
But wen it comes to ~~ben~~ killed, — I tell  
ye I felt streaked  
The fust time't ever I found out wy  
baggonets wuz peaked  
Here's how it waz I started out to go  
to a fandango  
The sentinul he ups an sez Thet's  
further an you can go."  
None o' your sarge" sez I sez he  
Stan back!" An't you a buster?"  
Sez I Im up to all thet air I guess  
I've ben to muster  
I know wy sentinuls air sot you ain't  
agoin to eat us  
Caleb haint no monopoly to court the  
seenorectas  
My folks to hum air full ez good ez huan  
be by golly!"

## THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin'  
wut would folly,  
The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-  
pronged pitchfork in me  
An' made a hole right thru my close  
ez ef I wuz an in'my

Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin'  
in ole Funnel  
Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword  
to our Leftenant Cunnle,  
(It's Mister Secondary Bolles, thet writ  
the prize peace essay,  
Thet's wy he didn't list himself along  
o' us, I dessay,)  
An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud, but  
don't put *his* foot in it,  
Coz human life's so sacred that he's  
principled agin it,—  
Though I myself can't rightly see it's any  
wus achokin' on 'em,  
Than puttin' bullets thru their lghts, or  
with a bagnet pokin' on 'em,  
How dreffle slick he reeled it off (like  
Blitz at our lyceum  
Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so quick  
you skeercely see 'em),  
About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons  
would be handy

## *THIS KIND O' SOGERIN*

To du the buryin down here upon the  
Rio Grandy)  
About our patriotic pas an our star  
spangled banner  
Our country's bird alookin on an singin  
out hosanner  
An how he (Mister B himself) wuz happy  
fer Ameriky —  
I felt ez sister Patience sez, a leetle mute  
histericky  
I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a drestle  
kind o privilege  
Atrampin round thru Boston streets  
among the gutter's drivelage  
I act'ly thought it wuz a treat to hear  
a little drummin  
An it did bohfydy seem millanyum wuz  
acomln  
Wen all on us got suits (darned like them  
wore in the state prison)  
An every feller felt ez though all Mexico  
wuz hlan.

Thus 'ere's about the meanest place a  
skunk could wal diskiver  
(Saltillo's Mexican I b'heve fer wut we  
call Salt-river)  
The sort o trash a feller gits to eat  
doos beat all nater

## THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one  
good blue-nose tater,  
The country here thet Mister Bolles de-  
clared to be so charmin'  
Throughout is swarmin' with the most  
alarmin' kind o' varmin  
He talked about delishis froots, but then  
it wuz a wopper all,  
The holl on't 's mud an' prickly pears,  
with here an' there a chapparal,  
You see a feller peekin' out, an', fust  
you know, a lariat  
Is round your throat an' you a copse,  
'fore you can say, "Wut air ye at?"  
You never see sech darned gret bugs (it  
may not be irrelevant  
To say I've seen a *scarabeus pilularius*  
big ez a year old elephant),  
The rigiment come up one day in time  
to stop a red bug  
From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright,  
—'twuz jest a common *cimex lectu-*  
*larius*

One night I started up on eend an'  
thought I wuz to hum agin,  
I heern a horn, thinks I it's Sol the  
fisherman hez come agin,  
His bellowses is sound enough,—ez I'm  
a livin' creeter,

## THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

I felt a thing go thru my leg — twuz  
nothin' more'n a skeeter!  
Then there's the yaller fever 'n' they call  
it here el vomito —  
(Come, that wun't du you landcrab there  
I tell ye to le go my toe!  
My gracious! it's a scorpion thet's took a  
shine to play with't  
I dar'n't skeer the tarnal thing fer fear  
he'd run away with't.)  
Afore I come away from hum I hed  
a strong persuasion  
Thet Mexicans worn't human beans — an  
ourang-outang nation,  
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an never  
dream on't arter  
No more'n a feller'd dream o' pigs thet  
he hed hed to slarter;  
I d an idee thet they were built arter the  
darkie fashion all,  
An kickin' coloured folks about you  
know 's a kind o' national;  
But wen I jined I worn't so wise ez thet  
air queen o' Sheby  
Fer come to look at em they ain't much  
diff'rent from wut we be  
An here we air astrougin em out o'  
thir own dominions  
Ashelterin em ez Caleb sez, under our  
eagle's pifions

## *THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'*

Wich means to take a feller up just by  
the slack o''s trowsis  
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o'  
all his homes an' houses,  
Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but then  
hooraw fer Jackson'  
It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's reg'lar  
Anglo-Saxon  
The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say,  
they piz'n all the water,  
An' du amazin' lots o' things thet isn't  
wut they ough' to,  
Bein' they hain't no lead, they make their  
bullets out o' copper  
An' shoot the darned things at us, tu,  
wich Caleb sez ain't proper,  
He sez they'd ough' to stán' right up an'  
let us pop 'em fairly  
(Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet he'll  
hev to git up airly),  
Thet our nation's bigger'n theirn an' so  
its rights air bigger,  
An' thet it's all to make 'em free thet  
we air pullin' trigger,  
Thet Anglo-Saxondom's idee's abreakin'  
'em to pieces,  
An' thet idee's thet every man doos jest  
wut he damn pleases,  
Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, per-  
haps in some respex I 'can,

## THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

I know thet every man" don't mean  
a nigger or a Mexican  
An there's another thung I know an thet  
is ef these creeturs  
Thet stick an Anglo-Saxon mask onto  
State prison feetur  
Should come to Jaalam Centre fer to  
argify an spout on't  
The gals ould count the silver spoons the  
minnit they cleared out on't

This goin ware glory waits ye hain't one  
agreeable feetur  
An ef it worn't fer wakin snakes I'd  
home agin short meter  
O wouldn't I 'be off quick time ef't  
worn't thet I wuz sartin  
They'd let the daylight into me to pay  
me fer desertin!  
I don't approve o tellin tales but jest to  
you I may state  
Our ossifers ain't wut they wuz afore they  
left the Bay State  
Then it wuz Mister Sawin sir you're  
middlin well now be ye?  
Step up an take a nipper sir I'm drestle  
glad to see ye "  
But now its Ware's my eppylet? here  
Sawin, step an fetch it!



## *THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'*

An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spry, or,  
damn ye, you shall ketch it!"

Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will  
bile so, but by mighty,

Ef I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd give  
'em linkum vity,

I'd play the rogue's march on their hides  
an' other music follerin'—

But I must close my letter here, fer one  
on 'em's ahollerin',

These Anglo-Saxon ossifers,—wal, 'tain't  
no use ajawin',

I'm safe enlisted fer the war,

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN

## What Mr Robinson Thinks



Guvener B is a sensible man

He stays to his home an looks arter  
his folks

He draws his furrer ez straight ez he  
can

An into nobody's tater-patch pokes

But John P

Robinson he

Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B

Myl ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?

We cant never chooso him o course —  
thev's flat

Guess we shall hev to come round (dont  
you?)

An go in fer thunder an guns an all  
that

Fer John P

Robinson he

Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

## WHAT MR ROBINSON THINKS

General C is a drestle smart man

He's ben on all sides thet give places or  
pelf,

But consistency still wuz a part of his  
plan,—

He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet  
is himself,—

So John P

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C

General C he goes in fer the war,

He don't vally princerple more'n an old  
cud,

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs  
fer,

But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' '  
blood?

So John P

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our  
village,

With good old idees o' wut's right an'  
wut ain't,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin  
war an' pillage,

An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark  
of a saint,

## WHAT MR ROBINSON THINKS

But John P  
Robinson he  
Sez this kind o things an exploded  
idee.

The side of our country must offers be  
took,  
An President Polk, you know *he* is  
our country  
An the angel that writes all our sins in  
a book  
Puts the *debit* to him an to us the *per*  
*contry*

An John P  
Robinson he  
Sez this is his view o the thing to a  
T

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts  
lies  
Sez they're nothin on airth but jest *fee*  
*factum*  
An thet all this big talk of our destinies  
Is half on it ignorance, an t'other half  
rum

But John P  
Robinson he  
Sez it ain't no sech thing an of  
course so must we

## WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his  
life

Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their  
swaller-tail coats,  
An' marched round in front of a drum  
an' a fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some on  
'em votes,

But John P

Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down  
in Judee

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell  
us

The rights an' the wrongs o' these  
matters, I vow,—

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise  
fellers,

To start the world's team wen it gits  
in a slough,

Fer John P

Robinson he

Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers  
out Gee!

No? Hez he?  
He haint,  
though?



REMARKS OF INCREASE  
D. O'FLAKE, ESQUIRE, AT  
AN EXTREMELY CAUCUS  
IN STATE STREET RE-  
PORTED BY MR. E. BIGLOW

No? Hez he? He haint, though? Wut?  
Voted agin him?

Ef the bird of pur country could ketch  
him, sho'd skin him

I seems though I see her with wrath in  
each quill,

Like a chancery lawyer afiln her bill

An grindin her talents ez sharp ez all nater

To pounce like a writ on the back o the  
traitor

Forgive me, my friends, ef I seem to be het

But a crisis like this must with vigour  
be met

Wen an Arnold the star-spangled banner  
bestains,

Holl Fourth o Julys seem to bile in my  
veins.

Who ever'd ha' thought sech a pisonous  
rig

Would be run by a chap thet wuz chose  
fer a Wig?

"We knowed wut his princerples wuz 'fore  
we sent him"?

Wut wuz there in them from this vote to  
pervent him?

A marciful Providunce fashioned us holler  
O' purpose thet we might our princerples  
swaller,

It can hold any quantity on 'em, the  
belly can,

An' bring 'em up ready fer use like the  
pelican,

Or more like the kangaroo, who (wich is  
stranger)

Puts her family into her pouch wen  
there's danger

Ain't princerple precious? then, who's  
goin' to use it

Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin'  
up to abuse it?

I can't tell the wy on't, but nothin' is *so* sure  
Ez thet princerple kind o' gits spiled by  
exposure,

A man thet lets all sorts o' folks git a  
sight on't

Ough' to hev it all toek right away,  
every mite on't,

## HE HAIN T THOUGH?

Ef he can't keep it all to himself wen it s  
wise to

He ain't one it s fit to trust nothin so  
nice to.

Besides, ther's a wonderful power in  
latitude

To shift a man s morral relations an atti  
tude

Some flossifers think that a fakildity's  
granted

The minnit it s proved to be thoroughly  
waited

Thet a change o demand makes a change  
o condition

An thet everythin s nothin except by  
position

Ex, fer instance thet rubber trees fust  
begun bearin

Wen p'titikle conshunses come into wearin

Thet the fears of a monkey whose holt  
chanced to fall

Drowed the vertibry out to a prehensile  
tail

So wen one s chose to Congress ez soon  
ez he s in it,

A collar grows right round his neck in a  
minnit,

An sartin it is thet a man cannot be  
strict



*NO? HEZ HE?*

In bein' himself, wen he gits to the Dee-  
strict,  
Fer a coat thet sets wal here in ole Mas-  
sachusetts,  
Wen it gits on to Washinton, somehow  
askew sets

Resolves, do you say, o' the Springfield  
Convention?

Thet's percisely the pint I was goin' to  
mention,

Resolves air a thing we most gen'ally  
keep ill,

They're a cheap kind o' dust fer the eyes  
o' the people,

A parcel o' delligits jest git together  
An' chat fer a spell o' the crops an' the  
weather,

Then, comin' to order, they squabble  
awile

An' let off the speeches they're ferful'll  
spile,

Then—Resolve,—Thet we wun't hev an  
inch o' slave territory,

Thet Presidunt Polk's holl perceedins air  
very tory,

Thet the war is a damned war, an' them  
thet enlist in it

Should hev a cravat with a drefle tight  
twist in it,

## HE HAIN T, THOUGH?

Thet the war is a war fer the spreadin  
o slavery  
Thet our army deserves our best thanks  
fer their bravery  
Thet were the original friends o the  
nation,  
All the rest air a paltry an base fabrica  
tion  
Thet we highly respect Messrs. A, B an  
C  
An ez deeply despise Messrs. E F an G  
In this way they go to the eend o the  
chapter  
An then they bust out in a kind of a  
raptur  
About their own vartoo an folks's stone-  
blindness  
To the men thet ould actilly do em a  
kindness,—  
The American eagle,—the Pilgrims thet  
landed —  
Till on ole Plymouth Rock they git finally  
stranded.  
Wal, the people they listən an say  
Thet's the ticket  
Ex fer Mexico taint no great glory to  
lick it,  
But 'twould be a darned shame to go  
pullin o triggers  
To extend the aree of abusin the ruggers.

*NO? HEZ HE?*

So they march in percessions, an' git up  
hooraws,  
An' tramp thru the mud fer the good o'  
the cause,  
An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin' the  
prophecies,  
Wen they're on'y jest changin' the holders  
of offices,  
Ware A sot afore, B is comf'tably  
seated,  
One humbug's victor'ous an' t'other de-  
feated,  
Each honnable doughface gits jest what  
he axes,  
An' the people,—their annooal soft-sodder  
an' taxes

Now, to keep unimpaired all these glorious  
feeturs  
Thet characterise morril an' reasonin'  
creeturs,  
Thet give every paytriot all he can cram,  
Thet oust the untrustworthy Presidunt  
Flam,  
An' stick honest Presidunt Sham in his  
place,  
To the manifest gain o' the holl human  
race,  
An' to some indervidgewals on't in par-  
tickler,

## HE HAIN T THOUGH?

Who love Public Opinion an know how  
to tickle her —

I say that a party with gret alms like  
these

Must stick jest ez close ez a hive full o  
bees.

I'm willin a man should go tollable strong  
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer thet kind  
o wrong

Is offers unpop'lar an never gits pitied  
Because it's a crime no one never com-  
mitted

But he musn't be hard on partickler  
sins,

ez then he'll be kackin the people's own  
shins.

My look at the Demmercrats, see wut  
they've done

ezt simply by stickin together like fun

They've sucked us right into a masable  
war

That no one on earth aun't responsible  
for

They've run us a hundred cool millions  
in debt

(An fer Demmercrat Horners ther's good  
plums left yet)

They talk agin tayriffs, but act fer a  
high one,

## NO? HEZ HE?

An' so coax all parties to built up their Zion,  
To the people they're ollers ez slick ez  
molasses,  
An' butter their bread on both sides with  
The Masses,  
Half o' whom they've persuaded, by way  
of a joke,  
Thet Washinton's mantelpiece fell upon  
Polk

Now all o' these blessin's the Wigs might  
enjoy,  
Ef they'd gumption enough the right  
means to imploy,  
Fer the silver spoon born in Dermocracy's  
mouth  
Is a kind of a scringe thet they hev to  
the South,  
Their masters can cuss 'em an' kick 'em  
an' walk 'em,  
An' they notice it less 'an the ass did to  
Balaam,  
In this way they screw into second-rate  
offices  
Wich the slaveholder thinks 'ould sub-  
stract too much off his ease,  
The file-leaders, I mean, du, fer they, by  
their wiles,  
Unlike the old viper, grow fat on their  
files

## HE HAIN T THOUGH?

Wal the Wigs hev been tryin to grab  
all this prey frum em  
An to hook this nice spoon o good fortun  
away frum em  
An they might ha succeeded, ez likely  
ez not,  
In lickin the Demmercrats all round the  
lot,  
Ef it warn't that wile all faithful Wigs  
were their knees on  
Some stuffy old codger would holler out,  
— Treason!  
You must keep a sharp eye on a dog that  
hez bit you once,  
An *I* ain't agoin to cheat my consti-  
toounts "—  
Ven every fool knows that a man repre-  
sents  
Not the fellers that sent him but them  
on the fence,—  
Impartially ready to jump either side  
An make the fust use of a turn o the  
tide —  
The waiters on Providence here in the  
city  
Who compose wut they call a State Cen-  
terl Committy  
Constitoounts air hendy to help a man in  
But arterwards don't weigh the heft of a  
pin.

NO? HEZ HE?

Wy, the people can't all live on Uncle  
Sam's pus,  
So they've nothin' to du with't fer better  
or wus,  
It's the folks thet air kind o' brought up  
to depend on't  
Thet hev any consarn in't, an' thet is the  
end on't

Now here wuz New England ahevin' the  
honour

Of a chance at the Speakership showered  
upon her,—

Do you say, "She don't want no more  
Speakers, but fewer,

She's hed plenty o' them, wut she wants  
is a *doer*"?

Fer the matter o' thet, it's notorious in  
town

Thet her own representatives du her quite  
brown

But thet's nothin' to du with it, wut  
right hed Palfrey

To mix himself up with fanatical small fry?  
Warn't we gittin' on prime with our hot  
an' cold blowin',

Acondemnin' the war wilst we kep' it  
agoin'?

We'd assumed with gret skill a com-  
mandin' position,

## HE HAIN T THOUGH?

On this side or thet no one couldn't tell  
wich one,  
So wutever side wipped wed a chance  
at the plunder  
An could sue fer infringin our paytented  
thunder  
We were ready to vote fer whoever wuz  
eligible,  
Ef on all pints at issue hed stay unintel  
ligible.  
Wal sposin we hed to gulp down our  
perfections,  
We were ready to come out next mornin  
with fresh ones  
Besides, ef we did 'twas our business  
alone,  
Fer couldn't we du wut we would with  
our own?  
An ef a man can wen pervisions hev riz  
so  
Eat up his own words it s a marcy it is so.  
Wy these chaps from the North with  
back bones to em darn em  
'Ould be wuth more an Gennle Tom  
Thumb is to Barnum  
Ther's enough thet to office on this very  
plan grow  
By exhibitin how very small a man can  
grow



## NO<sup>2</sup> HEZ HE<sup>2</sup>

But an M C frum here ollers hastens to  
state he

Belongs to the order called invertebraty,  
Wence some gret filologists judge primy  
fashy

Thet M C is M T by paronomashy,  
An' these few exceptions air *loosus nay-*  
*tury*

Folks 'ould put down their quarters to  
stare at, like fury

It's no use to open the door o' success,  
Ef a member can bolt so fer nothin' or  
less,

Wy, all o' them grand constitootional  
pillers

Our forefathers fetched with 'em over the  
billers,

Them pillers the people so soundly hev  
slep' on,

Wile to slav'ry, invasion, an' debt they  
were swep' on,

Wile our Destiny higher an' higher kep'  
mountin'

(Though I guess folks'll stare wen she  
hends her account in),

Ef members in this way go kickin' agin  
'em,

They wun't hev so much ez a feather left  
in 'em

## HE HAIN T, THOUGH?

An ez fer this Palfrey we thought wen  
wed gut him in  
Hed go kindly in wutever harness we  
put him in  
Supposin we *did* know that he wuz a  
peace man?  
Does he think he can be Uncle Sammle's  
polliceman  
An wen Sam gits tipsy an kicks up a  
riot,  
Lead him off to the lockup to snooze till  
he s quiet?  
Wy the war is a war that true paytriots  
can bear ef  
It leads to the fat promised land of a  
tayriff  
We dont go an fight it nor ain't to be  
driv on  
Nor Demmercrats nuther that hev wut  
to live on  
Ef it ain't jest the thing that's well pleasin  
to God,  
It makes\*us thought highly on elsewhere  
abroad;  
The Rooshian black eagle looks blue in  
his eene  
An shakes both his heads wen he hears  
o Montoery  
In the Tower Victory sets all of a  
fluster

An' reads, with locked doors, how we  
won Cherry Buster,

An' old Philip Lewis—thet come an' kep'  
school here

Fer the mere sake o' scorin' his ryalist ruler  
On the tenderest part of our kings *in*  
*futuro*—

Hides his crown underneath an old shut  
in his bureau,

Breaks off in his brags to a suckle o'  
merry kings,

How he often hed hided young native  
Amerrikins,

An' turnin' quite faint in the midst of his  
fooleries,

Sneaks down stairs to bolt the front door  
o' the Tooleries

You say, "We'd ha' scared 'em by grow-  
in' in peace,

A plaguy sight more then by bobberies  
like these"?

Who is it dares say thet our 'naytional  
eagle

Wun't much longer be classed with the  
birds thet air regal,

Coz theirn be hooked beaks, an' she, arter  
this slaughter,

'll bring back a bill ten times longer'n  
she'd ough' to?

## HE HAIN T THOUGH?

Wut a your name? Come I see ye you  
up-country feller  
You've put me out severil times with your  
beller  
Out with it! Wut? Biglow? I say  
nothin furdur  
Thet feller would like nothin better'n a  
murder  
He a traiter blasphemur an wut ruther  
worse is,  
He puts all his ath'ism in drestle bad  
verses  
Society aint safe till sech monsters air out  
on it  
Refer to the Post ef you hev the least  
doubt on it;,  
Wy he goes agin war agin indirect taxes  
\* Agin sellin wild lands cept to settlers  
with axes,  
Agin holdin o slaves though he knows  
it's the corner  
Our libbaty rests on, the mis'able scornor!  
In short, he would wholly upset with his  
ravages  
All thet keeps us above the brute critters  
an savages,  
An plch into all kinds o' briles an con-  
fusions  
The holl of our civerlized free institu-  
tions

## NO? HEZ HE?

He writes fer thet rather unsafe print,  
the Courier,  
An' likely ez not hez a squintin' to  
Foorier,  
I'll be —, thet is, I mean I'll be blest,  
Ef I hark to a word frum so noted a  
pest,  
I sha'n't talk with *him*, my religion's too  
fervent  
Good mornin', my friends, I'm your most  
humble servant

## The Debate in the Sennit



NOT TO A MERRY RHYME

Here we stan on the Constitution by  
thunder!

It's a fact o wich ther's bushills o  
proofs

Fer how could we trample ont so I  
wonder

Eft' worn't that it's ollers under our  
hoofs?" \*

Sex John C Calhoun sex he

Human rights haint no more

Right to come on this floor

No more n the man in the moon,"  
sex he.

The North hain't no kind o blzness  
with nothin

An you've no idee how much bother it  
saves

We ain't none riled by their frettin an  
frothin

Were ~~used~~ te layin the string on our  
slaves,"

## THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

Sez Mister Foote,

“I should like to shoot

The holl gang, by the gret horn  
spoon!” sez he

“Freedom’s Keystone is Slavery, thet  
ther’s no doubt on,

It’s sutthin’ thet’s—wha’ d’ye call it?—  
divine,—

An’ the slaves thet we ollers *make* the  
most out on

Air them north o’ Mason an’ Dixon’s  
line,”

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

“Fer all thet,” sez Mangum,

“’Twould be better to hang ’em,

An’ so git red on ’em soon,” sez he

“The mass ough’ to labour an’ we lay  
on soffies,

Thet’s the reason I want to spread  
Freedom’s aree,

It puts all the cunninest on us in office,

An’ reelises our Maker’s orig’nal idee,”

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

“Thet’s ez plain,” sez Cass,

“Ez thet some one’s an ass,

It’s ez clear ez the sun is at noon,”  
sez he

## THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

Now dont go to say I m the friend of  
oppression  
But keep all your spare breath fer  
coolin your broth  
Fer I ollers hev strove (at least that's my  
impression)  
To make cussed free with the rights o  
the North,"  
Sez John C. Calhoun sez he —  
Yes," sez Davis o Miss.  
The perfection o bliss  
Is in skinnin that same old coon "  
sez he.

Slavery's a thing that depends on com-  
plexion  
It's God's law<sup>o</sup> that fetters on black  
skins dont chafe  
Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection!)  
Wich of our onnable body'd be safe?  
Sez John C. Calhoun sez he —  
Sez Mister Hannegan  
Afore he began agin  
That exception is quite oppertoon "  
sez he.

Gen'le Cass Sir you needn't be twitch  
in your collar  
Your merit's quite clear by the dut on  
your knees,



## THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

At the North we don't make no distinctions o' colour,

You can all take a lick at our shoes wen you please,"

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

Sez Mister Jarnagin,

"They wun't hev to larn agin,

They all on 'em know the old toon," sez he

"The slavery question ain't no ways bewilderin',

North an' South hev one int'rest, it's plain to a glance,

No'thern men, like us patriarchs, don't sell their childrin,

But they *du* sell themselves, ef they git a good chance,"

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

Sez Atherton here,

"This is gittin' severe,

I wish I could dive like a loon," sez he

"It'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,

An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split) 'll make head,

An' gittin' some Miss chief or other to lead 'em,

'll go to work raisin' permisscoous Ned,"

# THE DEBATE IN THE SENATE

Sez John C. Calhoun sez he —  
Yes the North," sez Colquitt  
Ef we Southerners all quit  
Would go down like a busted balloon "  
sez he.

Jest look wut is doin wut annyky's  
browin

In the beautiful clime o the olive an vine  
All the wise aristoxys a tumblin to ruin  
An the sarkylots drorin an drinkin  
their wine "

Sez John C. Calhoun sez he —  
Yes " sez Johnson in France  
They re beginnin to dance  
Betzebub's ogn rigadoon," sez he

The South's safe enough it don't feel  
a mite skeery

Our slaves in their darkness an dut  
air tu blest

Not to welcome with proud hallylufers  
the cry

Wen our eagle kicks youn from the  
naytional nest "

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he —

Oh " sez Westcott o Florida

Wut treason is horrid

Then our ppriv'leges tryin to proon?"  
sez he

## *THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT*

“It’s ’coz they’re so happy, thet, wen  
crazy sarpints  
Stick their nose in our bizness, we git  
so darned riled,  
We think it’s our dooty to give pooty  
sharp hints,  
Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth  
sha’n’t be spiled,”  
Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—  
“Ah,” sez Dixon H Lewis,  
“It perfectly true is  
Thet slavery’s airth’s grettest boon,”  
sez he

## The Pious Editor's Creed



I du believe in Freedom's cause  
Ex fur away ez Payris is  
I love to see her stick her claws  
In them Infarnal Phayrisees  
It's wal enough agin a king  
To dror resolves an triggers —  
But libbaty's a kind o thing  
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want  
A tax on teas an coffees,  
Thet nothin aint extravygunt —  
Purandin I m in office  
Fer I hev loved my country sence  
My eye-teeth filled their sockets  
An Uncle Sam I reverence  
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in any plan  
O levyin the taxes

## THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

Ez long ez, like a lumberman,  
I git jest wut I axes,  
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,  
Because it kind o' rouses  
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in  
Our quiet custom-houses

I du believe it's wise an' good  
To sen' out furrin missions,  
Thet is, on sartin understood  
An' orthydox conditions,—  
I mean nine thousan' dolls per ann ,  
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,  
An' me to recommend a man  
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways  
O' prayin' an' convartin',  
The bread comes back in many days,  
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin,  
I mean in preyin' till one busts  
On wut the party chooses,  
An' in convartin' public trusts  
To very privit uses

I du believe hard coin the stuff  
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on,  
The people's ollers soft enough  
To make hard money out on,

## THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his  
An gives a good sized junk to all —  
I don't care *how* hard money is  
Ex long ex mine s paid punctoal.

I du believe with all my soul  
In the gret Press s freedom  
To pint the people to the goal  
An in the traces lead em  
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes  
At my fat contracts squintin  
An withered be the nose thet pokes  
Inter the gov'ment printin !

I du believe thet I should give  
Wut's hisn unto Cesar  
Fer it s by him I move an live  
From him my bread an cheese alr  
I du believe thet all o' me  
Doth bear his superscription,—  
Will conscience, honour honesty  
An things o thet description.

I du believe in prayer an praise  
To him thet hex the grantin  
O jobs,—in every thin thet pays,  
But most of all in CANTIN  
This doth my cup with marches fill  
This lays all thought o sin to rest,—

## THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

I *don't* believe in princerple,  
But oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this  
Or thet, ez it may happen  
One way or t'other hendiest is  
To ketch the people nappin',  
It ain't by princerples nor men  
My preudent course is steadied,—  
I scent wich pays the best, an' then  
Go into it baldheaded

I du believe thet holdin' slaves  
Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,  
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves  
To hev a wal-broke precedunt,  
Fer any office, small or gret,  
I couldn't ax with no face,  
'uthout I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,  
Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface

I du believe wutever trash  
'll keep the people in blindness,—  
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash  
Right inter brotherly kindness,  
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n'  
ball  
Air good-will's strongest magnets,  
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,  
Must be druv in with bagnets

## *THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED*

In short, I firmly do believe  
In Humbug generally  
Fer it's a thing that I perceive  
To hev a solid vally  
This heth my faithful shepherd ben  
In pasturs sweet heth led me  
An this'll keep the people green  
To feed ez they hev fed me.



A Letter from  
a Candidate for  
the Presidency



Dear Sir,—You wish to know my notions  
On sartin pints thet rile the land,  
There's nothin' thet my natur so shuns  
Ez bein' mum or underhand,  
I'm a straight-spoken kind o' crcetur  
Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,  
An' ef I've one pecooler feetur,  
It is a nose thet wun't be led

So, to begin at the beginnin'  
An' come directly to the pint,  
I think the country's underpinnin'  
Is some consid'ble out o' jint,  
I ain't agoin' to try your patience  
By tellin' who done this or thet,  
I don't make no insinooations,  
I jest let on I smell a rat

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,  
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,



Nor I ain't one my sense to scatter  
 So'st no one couldn't pick it out,  
 My love fer North an' South is equil,  
 So I'll jest answer plump an' frank,  
 No matter wut may be the sequil,—  
 Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank

Ez to the answerin' o' questions,  
 I'm an off ox at bein' druv,  
 Though I ain't one thet ary test shuns  
 'll give our folks a helpin' shove,  
 Kind o' permiscoous I go it  
 Fer the holl country, an' the ground  
 I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,  
 Is pooty gen'ally all round

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges,  
 You'd ough' to leave a feller free,  
 An' not go knockin' out the wedges  
 To ketch his fingers in the tree,  
 Pledges air awfle breachy cattle  
 Thet preudent farmers don't turn  
 out,—  
 Ez long'z the people git their rattle,  
 Wut is there fer'm to grout about?

Ez to the slaves, 'there's no confusion  
 In *my* idees consarnin' them,—  
 I think they air an Institution,  
 A sort of—yes, jest so,—ahem



## *A LETTER*

Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question  
I'm RIGHT, although to speak I'm  
lawth,  
This gives you a safe pint to rest on,  
An' leaves me frontin' South by North

"I spose you  
wonder ware  
I be"



A SECOND LETTER FROM  
B. LAVER ESQ.

I spose you wonder ware I be I can't  
tell fer the soul o me  
Exaclly ware I be myself —meanin by  
thet the bodl o me.  
Wen I left hum I hed two legs, an they  
worn't bad Once neither  
(The scalliest trick they ever played wuz  
bringin on me hither)  
Now one on ems I dunno ware —they  
thought I wuz adyin  
An sawed it off because they said 'twuz  
kin o mortifyin  
I'm willin to believe it wuz, an yit I  
dont see nuther  
Wy one should take to feelin cheap a  
minnit sooner'n t'other  
Sence both wuz equilly to blame but  
things is ez they be  
It took on so<sup>o</sup> they took it off an thet's  
enough fer me

"I SPOSE YOU WONDER

There's one good thing, though, to be  
said about my wooden new one,—  
The liquor can't get into it ez't used to  
in the true one,  
So it saves drink, an' then, besides, a  
feller couldn't beg  
A gretter blessin' then to hev one ollers  
sober peg,  
It's true a chap's in want o' two fer  
follerin' a drum,  
But all the march I'm up to now is jest  
to Kingdom Come

I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss it's  
easy to supply  
Out o' the glory thet I've gut, fer thet  
is all my eye,  
An' one is big enough, I guess, by dili-  
gently usin' it,  
To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay  
fer losin' it,  
Off'cers I notice, who git paid fer all our  
thumps an' kickins,  
Du wal by keepin' single eyes arter the  
fattest pickins,  
So, ez the eye's put fairly out, I'll larn  
to go without it,  
An' not allow *myself* to be no gret put  
out about it

## WARE I BE

Now le me see, that isn't all I used  
fore leavin Jaalam  
To count things on my finger-eends, but  
sutthin seems to ail em  
Ware s my left hand? Oh darn it, yes,  
I recollect wut's come on't;  
I hain't no left arm but my right an  
thet's gut jest a thumb on't  
It ain't so hendy ez it wuz to callate a  
sum on t  
I've hed some ribs broke,—six (I b'lieve)  
—I hain't kep no account on em  
Wen pensions git to be the talk, I'll  
settle the amount on em.  
An now I'm speakin about ribs, it kun  
o brings to mind  
One that I couldn't never break,—the one  
I lef' behind;  
Ef you should see her jest clear out the  
spout o your invention  
An pour the longest sweetnin in about  
an annool pension  
An kin' o hint (in case, you know the  
critter should refuse to be  
Consoled) I ain't so 'xpensive now to keep  
ez wut I used to be  
There's one arm less, ditto one eye, an  
then the leg thet's wooden  
Can be took off an sot away wenever  
ther's a puddin ,



## *"I SPOSE YOU WONDER*

I spose you think I'm comin' back ez  
opperlunt ez thunder,  
With shiploads o' gold images an' varus  
sorts o' plunder,  
Wal, 'fore I vullinteed, I thought this  
country wuz a sort o'  
Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land flowin'  
with rum an' water,  
Ware propaty growed up like time, with-  
out no cultivation,  
An' gold wuz dug ez taters be among our  
Yankee nation,  
Ware nateral advantages were pufficly  
amazin',  
Ware every rock there wuz about with  
precious stuns wuz blazin',  
Ware mill-sites filled the country up ez  
thick ez you could cram 'em,  
An' desput rivers run about a beggin'  
folks to dam 'em,  
Then there were meetinhouses, tu, chock-  
ful o' gold an' silver  
Thet you could take, an' no one couldn't  
hand ye in no bill fer,—  
Thet's wut I thought afore I went, thet's  
wut them fellers told us  
Thet stayed to hum an' speechified an'  
to the buzzards sold us,  
I thought thet gold-mines could be gùt  
cheaper than Chiny asters,

## WARE I BE"

An see myself acomin back like sixty  
Jacob Astors  
But sech idees soon melted down an  
didn't leave a grease spot  
I vow my holl sheer o the spiles wouldn't  
come nigh a V spot  
Although most anywares we've ben you  
needn't break no locks,  
Nor run no kin o risks to fill your  
pocket full o rocks.  
I xpect I mentioned in my last some o  
the nateral feeturs  
O this all fered buggy hole in th way  
o awfile creaturs,  
But I fergut to name (new things to  
speak on so 'abounded)  
How one day you'll most die o thust an  
Yore the next git drowneded.  
The clymit seems to me jest like a tea  
pot made o pewter  
Our Prudence hed thet wouldn't pour  
(all she could du) to suit her  
Fust plate the leaves ould choke the spout,  
so s not a drop ould dreen out  
Then Prude ould tip an tip an tip till  
the holl kut bust clean out  
The kiver-hinge-pin bein lost ten-leaves  
an tea an kiver  
ould all come 'down *hermosh*/ ez though  
the dam broke in a river

## *"I SPOSE YOU WONDER*

Jest so 'tis here, holl months there ain't  
a day o' rainy weather,  
An' jest ez th' officers 'ould be a layin'  
heads together  
Ez t' how they'd mix their drink at sech  
a milingtary deepot,—  
'Twould pour ez though the lid wuz off  
the everlastin' teapot  
The cons'quence is, thet I shall take, wen  
I'm allowed to leave here,  
One piece o' propaty along, an' thet's  
the shakin' fever,  
It's reggular employment, though, an' thet  
ain't thought to harm one,  
Nor 'tain't so tiresome ez it wuz with  
t'other leg an' arm & n,  
An' it's a consolation, tu, although it  
doosn't pay,  
To hev it said you're some gret shakes  
in any kin' o' way  
'Tworn't very long, I tell ye wut, I  
thought o' fortin-makin',—  
One day a reg'lar shiver-de-freeze, an'  
next ez good ez bakin',—  
One day abrin' in the sand, then smoth'rin'  
in the meshes,—  
Git up all sound, be put to bed a mess o'  
hacks an' smashes  
But then, thinks I, at any rate there's  
glory to be hed,—

## IVARE I BE"

That's an investment, arter all thet mayn't  
turn out so bad  
But somehow wen wed fit an ficked I  
tollers found the thanks  
Gut kin o lodged afore they come ez  
low down ez the ranks  
The Gin'ral's gut the biggest sheer the  
Cunnels next, an so on —  
We never gut a blasted mite o glory ez  
I know on  
An spose we hed I wonder how you're  
goin to contrive its  
Division so s to give a piece to twenty  
thousand privits  
Ef you should multiply by ten the por  
tion o the brav'st ooe  
You wouldn't git more'n half enough to  
speak of on a grave-stun  
We git the licks —were jest the grist  
thet's put into War's hoppers  
Leftenants is the lowest grade thet helps  
pick up the coppers.  
It may suit folks thet go agin a body  
with a soul in t,  
An ain't contented with a hide without a  
bagnet hole in t  
But glory is a kin o thing I sha'n't per  
sue no funder  
Cox thet's the eff'cers' parquise, —yourn's  
on'y jest the murder

## "I SPOSE YOU IWONDER

Wut two legs anywares about could keep  
up with my one?

There ain't no kin' o' quality in can'idates,  
it's said,

So useful ez a wooden leg,—except a  
wooden head,

There's nothin' ain't so poppylar—(wy, it's  
a perfect sin

To think wut Mexico hez paid fer Santy  
Anny's pin,)—

Then I hain't gut no princerples, an', sence  
I wuz knee-high,

I never *did* hev any gret, ez you can  
testify,

I'm a decided peace-man, tu, an' go agin  
the war,—

Fer now the holl on't 's gone an' past,  
wut is there to go *for*?

Ef, wile you're 'lectioneerin' round, some  
curus chaps should beg

To know my views o' state affairs, jest  
answer WOODEN LEG!

Ef they ain't settisfied with thet, an' kin'  
o' pry an' doubt,

An' ax fer sutthin' deffynit, jest say ONE  
EYE PUT OUT!

Thet kin' o' talk I guess you'll find'll  
answer to a charm,

An' wen you're druv tu<sup>c</sup> nigh the wall,  
hol' up my missin' arm,

## IVARE I BE"

Ef they should nose round fer a pledge  
put on a vartooous look  
An tell em that s percusely wut I never  
gin nor—took!

Then you can call me "Timbertoes" —  
that s wut the people likes  
Sutthin combinin morril truth with  
phrases sech ez strikes  
Some say the people s fond o this or  
that or wut you please —  
I tell ye wut the people want is jest  
correct ideas

Old "Timbertoes" you see 's a creed  
it's safe to be quite bold on  
There s nothin int the other side can  
any ways git bold on  
It's a good tangible idee, a sutthin to  
embody  
That valooable class o men who look  
thru brandy-toddy  
It gives a Party Platform tu jest level  
with the mind  
Of all right-thinkin honest folks that  
mean to go it blind  
Then there air other good hooraws to  
dror on ez you need em  
Sech ez the ONE-EYED SLARTERER, the  
BLOODY BIRDOFREDUM

## *"I SPOSE YOU WONDER*

Them's wut takes hold o' folks thet think,  
ez well ez o' the masses,  
An' makes you sartin o' the aid o' good  
men of all classes

There's one thing I'm in doubt about,  
in order to be President,  
It's absolutely ne'ssary to be a Southern  
residunt,  
The Constitution settles thet, an' also thet  
a feller  
Must own a nigger o' some sort, jet  
black, or brown, or yeller  
Now I hain't no objections agin particklar  
climes,  
Nor agin ownin' anythin' (except the truth  
sometimes),  
But, ez I hain't no capital, up there  
among ye, may be,  
You might raise funds enough fer me to  
buy a low-priced baby,  
An' then, to suit the No'thern fqlks, who  
feel obleeged to say  
They hate an' cuss the very thing they  
vote fer every day,  
Say you're assured I go full butt fer  
Libbaty's diffusion,  
An' made the purchis on'y jest to spite  
the Institootion,—

## *WARE I BE*

But golly! there's the currier's hose  
upon the pavement pawin'!  
I'll be more xplicit in my next.

Yours

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN

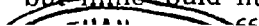


"I spose you  
recollect"



A THIRD LETTER FROM  
B SAWIN, ESQ

I spose you recollect thet I explained  
my gennle views  
In the last billet thet I writ, 'way down  
from Veery Cruze,  
Jest arter I'd a kind o' ben spontaneously  
sot up  
To run unannermously fer the Presidential  
cup,  
O' course it worn't no wish o' mine, 'twuz  
ferflely distressin',  
But poppuler enthusiasm gut so almighty  
pressin'  
Thet, though like sixty all along I fumed  
an' fussed an' sorrered,  
There didn't seem no ways to stop their  
bringin' on me forrerd  
Fact is, they udged the matter so, I  
couldn't help admittin'  
The Father o' his Country's shoes no feet  
~~but mine~~ 'ould fit in,



## *'I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT*

Besides the savin o the soles fer ages  
to succeed  
Seem that with one wannut foot, a pair'd  
be more n I need  
An tell ye wut them shoes'll want a  
thundrin sight o patchin  
Ef this ere fashion is to last we've gut  
into o hatchin  
A pair o second Washintons fer every new  
election —  
Though, fur ez number ones consarned  
I don't make no objection.

I wuz agoin on to say that wen at fust  
I saw  
The masses would stick to't I wuz the  
Country's father n-law  
(They would ha hed it *Father* but I told  
em 'twouldn't du  
Cuz that wuz suttthin of a sort they couldn't  
split in tu,  
An Washinton hed hed the thing laid  
fairly to his door  
Nor darsn't say 'tworn't his n much ez  
sixty year afore )  
But 'tain't no matter ez to that wen I  
wuz nomernated,  
'Tworn't natur, but wut I should feel  
consid'able elated

## *"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"*

An' wile the hooraw o' the thing wuz  
kind o' noo an' fresh,  
I thought our ticket would ha' caird the  
country with a resh

Sence I've come hum, though, an' looked  
round, I think I seem to find  
Strong argimunts ez thick ez fleas to make  
me change my mind,  
It's clear to any one whose brain ain't  
fur gone in a phthisis,  
Thet hail Columby's happy land is goin'  
thru a crisis,  
An' 'twouldn't noways du to hev the  
people's mind distracted  
By bein' all to once by sev'ral pop'lar  
names attackted,  
'Twould save holl haycartloads o' fuss  
an' three four months o' jaw,  
Ef some illustrious paytriot should back  
out an' withdraw,  
So, ez I ain't a crooked stick, jest like—  
like ole (I swow,  
I dunno ez I know his name)—I'll go  
back to my plough

Wenever an Amerikin distinguished poli-  
tishin  
Begins to try et wut they call definin'  
his posishin,

## *' I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT'*

Wal I fer one feel sure he aint gut  
nothin to define  
It's so nine cases out o ten, but jest that  
tenth is mine  
An 'tain't no more n is proper n right in  
sech a sitocation  
To hint the course you think'll be the  
savin o the nation  
To funk right out o p'litical strife ain't  
thought to be the thing  
Without you deacon off the toon you  
want your folks should sing  
So I edvise the noomrous friends thet a  
in one boat with me  
To jest up killock, jam right down their  
bellum hard a-Joe,  
Haul the sheets tant, an layin out upon  
the Suthun tack,  
Make fer the safest port they can, wich  
*I think, is Ole Zack.*

Next thing you'll want to know I spose  
wut argimunts I seem  
To see thet makes me think this ere'll  
be the strongest team  
Fust place, I've been consid'ble round in  
bar-rooms an saloons  
Agetherin public sentiment, 'mongst Dem  
mercrats and Coons,

*"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"*

An' 'tain't ve'y offen thet I meet a chap  
but wut goes in  
Fer Rough an' Ready, fair an' square,  
hufs, taller, horns, an' skin,  
I don't deny but wut, fer one, ez fur ez  
I could see,  
I didn't like at fust the Pheladelphy no-  
mernee  
I could ha' pintoed to a man thet wuz,  
I guess, a peg  
Higher than him,—a soger, tu, an' with  
a wooden leg,  
But every day with more an' more o'  
Taylor zeal I'm burnin',  
Seen' wich way the tide thet sets to office  
is aturnin',  
Wy, into Bellers's we notched the votes  
down on three sticks,—  
'Twuz Birdofredum *one*, Cass *aight*, an'  
Taylor *twenty-six*,  
An' bein' the on'y canderdate thet wuz  
upon the ground,  
They said 'twuz no more'n right thet I  
should pay the drinks all round,  
Ef I'd expected sech a trick, I wouldn't  
ha' cut my foot  
By goin' an' votin' fer myself like a con-  
sumed coot,  
It didn't make no diff'ence, though, I  
wish I may be cust

## ' I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT

Ef Bellers wuzn't alim enough to say he  
wouldn't trust!

Another plnt that influences the minds o  
sober jodges  
Is that the Gin'ral hezn't gut tied hand  
an foot with pledges  
He hezn't told ye wut he is, an so there  
aint no knowin  
But wut he may turn out to be the best  
there is agoin  
This, at the ony spot that pinched the  
shoe directly eases  
Coz every one is free to 'xpect percisely  
wut he pleasee  
I want free-trade you dont the Gin'ral  
isn't bound to neither —  
I vote my way you yourn an both air  
scooted to a T there.  
Ole Rough an Ready tu s a Wig but  
without bein ultry  
Hes like a holsome havin day thets  
warm\* but isnt sultry  
Hes jest wut I should call myself a kin  
o *scratch* ez t ware  
That ain't exactly all a wig nor wholly your  
own hair  
I've been a Wig three weeks myself jest  
o this mod rate sort

*"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"*

An' don't find them an' Demmercrats so  
different ez I thought,  
They both act pooty much alike, an' push  
an' scrouge an' cus,  
They're like two pickpockets in league  
fer Uncle Samwell's pus,  
Each takes a side, an' then they squeeze  
the ole man in between 'em,  
Turn all his pockets wrong side out an'  
quick ez lightnin' clean 'em,  
To nary one on 'em I'd trust a secon'-  
handed rail  
No furder off 'an I could sling a bullock  
by the tail

Webster sot matters right in thet air  
Mashfiel' speech o' his'n,—  
"Taylor," sez he, "ain't nary ways the  
one thet I'd a chizzen,  
Nor he ain't fittin' fer the place, an' like  
ez not he ain't  
No more'n a tough ole bullethead, an' no  
gret of a saint,  
But then," sez he, "obsarve my pint, he's  
jest ez good to vote fer  
Ez though the greasin' on him worn't a  
thing to hire Choate fer,  
Ain't it ez easy done to drop a ballot in  
a box

*' I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT'*

Fer one ez 'us fer t'other fer the bull  
dog ez the fox?"  
It takes a mind like Dannel's fact ez  
big ez all ou doors  
To find out thet it looks like rain arter  
it fairly pours  
I gree with him, it ain't so drestle trouble  
some to vote  
Fer Taylor arter all—it's jest to go an  
change your coat  
Wen he s once greased you'll swaller him  
an never know on't sorce  
Unless he scratches goin down with  
them ere Gin rals spurs,  
I've ben a votin Demmercrat ez reg'lar  
ez a clock,  
But don't find goin Taylor gives my  
nerves no gret Y a shock  
Truth is, the cutest leadin Wiga, ever  
sence fust they found  
Wich side the bread gut buttered on hev  
kep a edgin round  
They kin o slipt the planks frum out th  
ole platform one by one  
An made it gradooally noo fore folks  
know'd wut wuz done,  
Till furr' I know there aint an inch  
thet I could lay my han on  
But I or any Demmercrat, feels comf'  
t'ble to stan on



## *"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"*

An' ole Wig doctrines act'ly look, their  
occ'pants bein' gone,  
Lonesome ez staddles on a mash without  
no harricks on

I spose it's time now I should give my  
thoughts upon the plan,  
Thet chipped the shell at Buffalo, o' settin'  
up ole Van  
I used to vote fer Martin, but, I swan,  
I'm clean disgusted,—  
He ain't the man thet I can say is fittin'  
to be trusted,  
He ain't half antislav'ry 'nough, nor I ain't  
sure, ez some be,  
He'd go in fer abolishin' the Deestricks  
o' Columby,  
An', now I come to recollect, it kin' o'  
makes me sick'  
A horse, to think o' wut he wuz in eighteen  
thirty-six  
An' then, another thing,—I guess, though  
mebby I am wrong,  
This Buff'lo plaster ain't agoin' to dror  
almighty strong,  
Some folks, I know, hev gut th' idee thet  
No'thun dough'll rise,  
Though, 'fore I see it riz an' baked, I  
wouldn't trust my eyes,

## *I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT*

'Twill take more emptins a long chalk  
than this noo party's gut  
To give sech heavy takes ez them a start  
I tell ye wut.  
But even of they calrd the day there  
wouldn't be no endurin  
To stan upon a platform with sech critters  
ez Van Buren —  
An his son John, tu I can't think how  
thet ere chap should dare  
To speak ez he doos wy they say he used  
to cuss an swear!  
I spose he never read the hymn thet tells  
how down the stairs  
A feller with long legs wuz throwed thet  
wouldn't say his prayers.  
This brings me to another pint the leaders  
o the party  
Aint jest sech men ez I can act along  
with free an hearty  
They aint not quite respectable an wen  
a feller's morrils  
Don't, too the straightest kin o mark, wy  
him an me jest quarrils.  
I went to a Free Soil meetin once an  
wut d'ye think I see?  
A feller was aspoutin there thet act'lly  
come to me,  
About two year ago last spring ez nigh  
ez I can jedge

## "I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

An' axed me if I didn't want to sign the  
Temprunce pledge'  
He's one o' them that goes about an'  
sez you hedn't ough' ter  
Drink nothin', mornin', noon, or night,  
stronger 'an Taunton water  
There's one rule I've ben guided by, in  
settlin' how to vote ollers  
I take the side that isn't took by them  
consarned teetotallers

Ez fer the niggers, I've ben South, an'  
thet hez changed my min',  
A lazier, more ongrateful set you couldn't  
nowers fin'  
You know I mentioned in my last thet I  
should buy a nigger,  
Ef I could make a purchase at a pooty  
mod'rate figger,  
So, ez there's nothin' in the world I'm  
fonder of 'an gunnin',  
I closed a bargain finally to take a feller  
runnin'  
I shou'dered queen's-arm an' stumped out,  
an' wen I come t' th' swamp,  
'Tworn't very long afore I gut upon the  
nest o' Pomp,  
I come acrost a kin' o' hut, an', playin'  
round the door,

## ‘ I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT ’

Some little woolly-headed cubs ez many z  
six or more  
At fust I thought o firm but *think twice*  
is safest ollers  
There aint, thinks I not one on em  
but's wuth his twenty dollars  
Or would be, ef I hed em back into a  
Christian land —  
How temptin all on em would look upon  
an auction-stand!  
(Not but wut I hate slavery in th abstract  
stem to stem —  
I leave it ware our fathers did a privit  
State consarn.)  
Soon'z they see me they yelled an run  
but Pomp wuz out ahoen  
A leetle patch o corn he hed, or else there  
ain't no knowin  
He wouldn't ha took a pop at me; but  
I hed gut the start,  
An wen he looked I vow he groaned ez  
though hed broke his heart  
He done it like a wite man tu ez natral  
ez a pictur  
The imp dunt pis'nous hypocrite! wuz an  
a boy constrictur  
You can't gum ~~me~~ I tell ye now an  
so you needn't try  
I 'xpect my eye-teeth every mail so jest  
shet up " sez I

*"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"*

"Don't go to actin' ugly now, or else I'll  
let her strip,  
You'd best draw } kindly, seem' 'z how  
I've gut ye on the hip,  
Besides, you darned ole fool, it ain't no  
gret of a disaster  
To be benev'lently druv back to a con-  
tented master,  
Ware you hed Christian priv'ledges you  
don't seem quite aware on,  
Or you'd ha' never run away from bein'  
well took care on,  
Ez fer kin' treatment, wy, he wuz so fond  
on ye, he said  
He'd give a fifty spot right out, to git  
ye, 'live or dead,  
Wite folks ain't sot by half ez much,  
'member I run away,  
Wen I wuz bound to Cap'n Jakes, to  
Mattysqumscot Bay,  
Don' know him, likely? Spose not, wal,  
the mean ole codger went  
An' offered—wut reward, think? Wal, it  
worn't no *less'n* a cent "

Wal, I jest gut 'em into line, an' druv  
'em on afore me,  
The pis'nous brutes, I'd ne idee o' the  
ill-will they bore me,

## *I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"*

We walked till somers about noon an  
then it grew so hot  
I thought it best to camp awile so I  
chose out a spot  
Jest under a magnoly tree an there right  
down I sot  
Then I unstrapped my wooden leg coz it  
began to chafe  
An laid it down long side o me, supposin  
all wuz safe  
I made my darkies all sot down around  
me in a ring  
An sot an kin o ciphered up how much  
the lot would bring  
But, wile I dranked the peaceful cup of a  
pure heart an mind  
(Mixed with some wiskey now an then)  
Pomp he snaked up behin  
An creepin grad'ly close tu ez quiet ez  
a mink,  
Jest grabbed my leg an then pulled foot  
quicker'n you could wink,  
An come to look, they each on em hed  
gut behin a tree  
An Pomp poked out the leg a piece jest  
so ez I could see  
An yelled to me to throw away my pistols  
an my gun,  
Or else thet they'd cair off the leg an  
fairly cut an run.

## *"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"*

I vow I didn't b'lieve there wuz a decent  
alligatur  
Thet hed a heart so destitoot o' common  
human natur,  
However, ez there worn't no help, I finally  
give in,  
An' heft my arms away to git my leg safe  
back agin  
Pomp gethered all the weapins up, an'  
then he come an' grinned,  
He showed his ivory some, I guess, an'  
sez, "You're fairly pinned,  
Jest buckle on your leg agin, an' git right  
up an' come,  
'Twun't du fer fammerly men like me to  
be so long frum hum "  
At fust I put my foot right down an'  
swore I wouldn't budge  
"Jest ez you choose," sez he, quite cool,  
"either be shot or trudge "  
So this black-hearted monster took an'  
act'lly druv me back  
Along the very footmarks o' my, happy  
mornin' track,  
An' kep' me pris'ner 'bout six months, an'  
worked me, tu, like sin,  
Till I hed gut his corn an' his Carliny  
taters in,  
He made me larn him readin'; tu (although  
the critter saw

## *"I SPOSE I OU RECOLLECT*

How much it hurt my morril sense to act  
agin the law)  
So st he could read a Bible hed gut  
an axed ef I could pint  
The North Star out but there I put his  
nose some out o jint,  
Fer I weeled roun about sou'west an  
lookin up a bit  
Picked out a middlin shiny one an tole  
him thet wuz it.  
Fin'ly he took me to the door, an  
givin me a kick,  
Sez, Ef you know wut a best fer ye be  
off now double-quick  
The winter-times a comun on an though  
I gut ye cheap  
You re so darned lazy I don't think you re  
hardly wuth your keep  
Besides, the childrn's growin up an  
you ain't jest the model  
I d like to hev em immertate, an so you d  
better toddle!"

Now is there anythin on airth'll ever  
prove to me  
Thet renegader slaves like him air fit fer  
bein free?  
D'you think they'll suck me in to jine  
the Buff'lo chaps an them



*"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"*

Rank infidels thet go agin 'the Scriptur'l  
cus o' Shem?

Not by a jugfull! Sooner'n thet, I'd go  
thru fire an' water,

Wen I hev once made up my mind, a  
meet'nhus ain't sotter,

No, not though all the crows thet flies to  
pick my bones wuz cawin',—

I guess we're in a Christian land

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN

## The Courtin



God makes sech nights, all white an still  
Fur'z you can look or listen  
Moonshine an snow on field an hill,  
All silence an all glisten.

Zekle crep up quite unbeknown  
An peeked in thru the winder  
An there sot Huldy all alone  
Ith no one nigh to hender

A fireplace filled the room a one side  
With half a cord o wood in—  
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)  
To bake ye to a puddin

The wa nut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the postest, bless her  
An leetle flames danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser

Agin the chumbley crook-necks hung  
An in amoggst em rusted  
The ole queen a-arm thet gran'ther Young  
Fetched back f om Concord busted.

## THE COURTIN'

The very room, coz she was in,  
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',  
An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
Ez the apples she was peelin'

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
On sech a blessed cretur,  
A dogrose blushin' to a brook  
Ain't modester nor sweeter

He was six foot o' man, A1,  
Clear grit an' human natur',  
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton  
Nor dror a furrer straighter

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,  
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,  
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—  
All is, he couldn't love 'em

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
All crinkly like curled maple,  
The side she breshed felt full o' sun  
Ez a south slope in Ap'ril

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing  
Ez hisn in the choir,  
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,  
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher

## THE COURTIN'

An shed blush scarlt right in prayer  
When her new meetin'-bunnet  
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair  
O blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked some!  
She seemed to've got a new soul  
For she felt sartin-sure hed come  
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an knowed it tu  
A-raspin on the scraper —  
All ways to once her feelins flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper

He kin o ltered on the mat,  
Some doubtfe o the skel,  
His heart kep goin pity-pat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An yit she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ex though she wished him funder  
An on, her apples kep to work,  
Parin away like murder

You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"  
Wal no I come disgn-  
in "—

To see my Ma? She s sprinklin clothes  
Agin to-morrer s Pnin."

To say why gals acts so or so,  
Or don't, 'ould be presumin',  
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
Comes nateral to women

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t'other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther

Says he, "I'd better call agin,"  
Says she, "Think likely, Mister "  
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,  
An' . Wal, he up an' kist her



When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips  
An' teary roun' the lashes

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
Whose naturs never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summef mind  
Snowhid in Jenooary

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued  
Too tight for all expressin',  
Tell mother see how metterş stood,  
An' gin 'em both her blessin'

## *THE COURTIN'*

Then her red come back like the tide  
Down to the Bay o Fundy  
An all I know is they was cried  
In meetin come nex Sunday

"It's some consid'ble of a spell"            

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ.,  
TO MR. HOSEA BIGLOW

It's some consid'ble of a spell sence I  
    hain't writ no letters,  
An' ther' 's gret changes hez took place in  
    all polit'cle metters  
Some canderdates air dead an' gone, an'  
    some hez ben defeated,  
Which 'mounts to pooty much the same,  
    fer it's ben proved repeated  
A betch o' bread thet hain't riz once ain't  
    goin' to rise agin,  
An' it's jest money throwed away to put  
    the emptins in  
But thet's wut folks wun't never larn,  
    they dunno how to go,  
Arter you want their room, no more'n a  
    bullet-headed beau,  
Ther' 's ollers chaps a-hangin' roun', thet  
    can't see pea-time's past,  
Mis'ble as roosters in a rain, heads down  
    an' tails half-mast  
It ain't disgraceful bein' beat, when a holl  
    nation doos it,

## 'IT S SOME CONSID BLE

But Chance is like an amberill,—it don't  
take twice to lose it.

I spose you're kin o' cur'ous, now to  
know why I haint writ

Wal I've ben where a litt'ry taste don't  
somehow seem to git

Th' encouragement a feller'd think, thet's  
used to public schools

An where such things ez paper n ink air  
clean agin the rules

A kind o' vicyvarsy house, built drestle  
strong an' stout

So e' 't honest people can't git in ner  
t'other sort git out

An with the winders so contrived, you'd  
prob'ly like the view

Better alookin' in than out though it  
seems sing'lar tu

But then the landlord sets by ye can't  
bear ye out o' sight,

And locks ye up ez reg'lar ez an outside  
door at night.

This world is awf'le contrary the rope  
may stretch your neck

Thet mebb'y kep another chap from  
washin' off a wreck

An you will see the taters grow in one  
poor feller's patch



## “IT’S SOME CONSID’BLE

So small no self-respectin’ hen thet valled  
time ’ould scratch,  
So small the rot can’t find ’em out, an’  
then agin, nex’ door,  
Ez big ez wut hogs dream on when they’re  
’most too fat to snore  
But groutin’ ain’t no kin’ o’ use, an’ ef  
the fust throw fails,  
Why, up an’ try agin, thet’s all, — the  
coppers ain’t all tails,  
Though I *hev* seen ’em when I thought  
they hedn’t no more head  
Than’d sarve a nussin’ Brigadier thet gits  
some ink to shed

When I writ last, I’d ben turned loose  
by thet blamed nigger, Pomp,  
Ferlorner than a musquash, ef you’d took  
an’ dreened his swamp  
But I ain’t o’ the meechin’ kind, thet sets  
an’ thinks fer weeks  
The bottom’s out o’ the univarse coz their  
own gillpot leaks  
I hed to cross bayous an’ criks, (wal, it  
did beat all natur’),  
Upon a kin’ o’ corderoy, fust log, then  
alligator,  
Luck’ly the critters warn’t sharp-sot, I  
guess ’twuz overruled

## OF A SPELL

They'd done their mornin' marketin' an  
gut their hunger cooled  
Fer missionaries to the Creeks an run  
aways are viewed  
By them an folks ez sent express to be  
their reg'lar food  
Wutever twuz they laid an spoiled ez  
peacefully ez sinners,  
Meek ez disgustin' deacons be at ordi-  
nation dinners  
Ef any on em turned an snapped I let  
em kin o taste  
My live oak leg an so ye see ther'  
warn't no gret o waste  
Fer they found out in quicker time than  
ef they'd ben to college  
Twarn't heartier food than though twuz  
made out o the tree o knowledge,  
But I tell you my other leg hed larned  
wut pizon-nettle meant  
An various other usef'le things, afore I  
reached a settlement  
An all o me tbat warn't sore an sendin'  
prickles thru me  
Wuz jest the leg I parted with in lickin'  
Monterum,  
A usef'le limb it a ben to me, an more  
of a support  
Than wut the other has ben — coz I dror  
my pension for't.

*"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE*

Wal, I gut in at last where folks wuz  
civerlized an' white,  
Ez I diskivered to my cost afore 'twarn't  
hardly night,  
Fer'z I wuz settin' in the bar atakin'  
sunthin' hot,  
An' feelin' like a man agin, all over in  
one spot,  
A feller thet sot oppersite, arter a squint  
at me,  
Lep' up an' drawed his peacemaker, an',  
"Dash it, sir," sez he,  
"I'm doubledashed ef you ain't him thet  
stole my yaller chettle  
(You're all the stranger thet's around), so  
now you've gut to settle,  
It ain't no use to argerfy ner try to cut  
up frisky,  
I know ye ez I know the smell o' ole  
chain-lightnin' whisky,  
We're lor-abidin' folks down here, we'll  
fix ye so's't a bar  
Wouldn' tech ye with a ten-foot pole  
(Jedge, you just warm the far),  
You'll think you'd better ha' gut among  
a tribe o' Mongrel Tartars,  
'Fore we've done showin' how we raise  
our Southun prize tar-martyrs,  
A moultin' fallen cherubim, ef he should  
see ye, 'd snicker,

## OF A SPELL"

Thinkin' he warn't a suckernstance    Come  
    genlemun lo a liquor  
An' Gl'ral when you've mixed the drinks  
    an' chalked em up tote roun  
An' see ef ther's a feather bed (thet's  
    borryable) in town,  
We'll try ye fair ole Grafted Leg an' ef  
    the tar wun't stick,  
Th' ain't not a juror here but wut'll quit  
    ye double-quick."  
To cut it short I wun't say sweet they  
    gi me a good dip  
(They ain't ~~perfect~~ Bahptists here) then  
    give the bed a rip —  
The jury'd sot an' quicker'n a flash they  
    hetched me out, a livin'  
Extemp'ry mammoth turkey chick fer a  
    Feejee Thanksgiving

That I felt some stuck up is wut it's  
    nat'ral to suppose,  
When poppylar enthusiasm hed funnished  
    me sech clothes  
(Ner 'tain't without edvantiges, this kin  
    o' suit, ye see  
It's water proof an' water's wut I like  
    kep out o' me)  
But nut content with thet they took  
    a kerridge from the fence

## *"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE*

An' rid me roun' to see the place,  
entirely free 'f expense,  
With forty-'leven new kines o' sarse with-  
out no charge acquainted me,  
Gi' me three cheers, an' vowed that I wuz  
all their fahncy painted me,  
They treated me to all their eggs (they  
keep 'em, I should think,  
Fer sech ovations, pooty long, for they  
wuz mos' distinc'),  
They starred me thick'z the Milky-Way  
with indiscrim'nit cherity,  
Fer wut we call reception eggs air sun-  
thin' of a rerity,  
Green ones is plentiful enough, skurce  
with a nigger's getherin',  
But your dead-ripe ones ranges high fer  
treatin' Nothun bretherin,  
A spottedder, ringstreakeder child the'  
warn't in Uncle Sam's  
Holl farm—a cross of striped pig an'  
one o' Jacob's lambs,  
'Twuz Dannil in the lions' den, 'new an'  
enlarged edition,  
An' everythin' fust-rate o' 'ts kind, the'  
warn't no impersition  
People's impulsiver down here than wut  
our folks to home be,  
An' kin' o' go it 'ith a fesh in raisin'  
Hail Columby

## OF A SPELL

Thet's so an they swarmed out like bees  
for your real Southun men's  
Time isn't o much more account than an  
ole settin' hen's  
(They jost work semloccashnally or else  
don't work at all  
An so their time an 'tention both air et  
sac'ity's call).  
Talk about hospitality! wut Nothun town  
d ye know  
Would take a totle stranger up an treat  
him gratis so?  
You'd better b'lieve ther's nothun like this  
spendin' days an nights  
Along 'ith a dependent race fer coverin' in  
whites.

But this wuz all prelim'nary it's so Gran  
Jurors here  
Flo a true bill a hendier way than ourn  
an nut so dear  
So arter this they sentenced me, to make  
all tight 'n snug  
Afore a reg'lar court o law to ten years  
in the Jug  
I didn't make no great defence you don't  
feel much like speakin'  
When ef you let your clamahells gape  
a quart o tar will leak in

## “IT’S SOME CONSID’BLE

I *hev* hearn tell o’ winged words, but  
pint o’ fact it tethers  
The spoutin’ gift to hev your words *tu*  
thick sot on with feathers,  
An’ Choate ner Webster wouldn’t ha’  
made an A1 kin’ o’ speech  
Astride a Southun chestnut horse sharper’n  
a baby’s screech

Two year ago they ketched the thief, ’n’  
seen’ I wuz innercent,  
They jest uncorked an’ le’ me run, an’ in  
my stid the sinner sent  
To see how *he* liked pork ’n’ pone  
flavoured with wa’nut saplin’,  
An’ nary social priv’ledge but a one-hoss,  
starn-wheel chaplin  
When I come out, the folks behaved mos’  
gen’manly an’ harnsome,  
They ’lowed it wouldn’t be more’n right,  
ef I should cuss ’n’ darn some  
The Cunnle he apolergized, sez he, “I’ll  
du wut’s right,  
I’ll give ye settisfaction now by shootin’  
ye at sight,  
An’ give the nigger (when he’s caught),  
to pay him fer his trickin’  
In gittin’ the wrong man, took up, a  
most H fired lickin’,—

## OF A SPELL"

It's jest the way with all on em the  
Inconsistent critters

They're most enough to make a man  
blaspheme his mornin bitters

I'll be your frien thru thick an thin an  
in all kanes o weathers

An all you'll hev to pay fer's jest the  
waste o tar an feathers

A lady owned the bed, ye see, a widder  
tu Miss Shannon

It wuz her mite we would ha took  
another ef ther'd ben one

We don't make no charge for the ride  
an all the other fixins.

Lo s liquor Gin'ral, you can chalk our  
friend for all the mixins."

A meetin then wuz called, where they  
RESOLVED That we respect

B S Esquire for quallerties o heart an  
intellect'

Peculiar to Columby's sile, an not to no  
one else's,

That makes European tyrans scridge in  
all their gilded pelces,

An doos gret honour to our race an  
Southun institutions"

(I give ye jest the substance o the leadin  
resolutions)

RESOLVED That we revere in him a  
soger thout a flor



## “IT’S SOME CONSID’BLE

A martyr to the principles o’ libbaty  
an’ lor  
RESOLVED, Thet other nations all, ef sot  
’longside o’ us,  
For vartoo, larnin’, chivverly, ain’t noways  
wuth a cuss ”  
They gut up a subscription, tu, but no  
gret come o’ *thet*,  
I ’spect in cairn’ of it roun’ they took  
a leaky hat,  
Though Southun genclmen ain’t slow at  
puttin’ down their name  
(When they can write), fer in the eend  
it comes to jes’ the same,  
Because, ye see, ’t ’s the fashion here to  
sign an’ not to think  
A critter’d be so sordid ez to ax ’em for  
the chink  
I didn’t call but jest on one, an’ *he*  
drawed toothpick on me,  
An’ reckoned he warn’t goin’ to stan’ no  
sech doggauned econ’my,  
So nothin’ more wuz realized, ’ceptin’ the  
goodwill shown,  
Than ef’t had ben from fust to last a  
reg’lar Cotton Loan  
It’s a good way, though, come to think,  
coz ye eny the sense  
O’ lendin’ lib’rally to the ‘Lord, an’ nary  
red o’ ’xpense

## OF A SPELL

Sence then I've gut my name up for  
a gin'rous-hearted man  
By jes subscribin right an left on this  
high-minded plan  
I've gin away my thousans so to every  
Southun sort  
O missuons colleges an sech, ner ain't  
no poorer for't

I warn't so bad off arter all I needn't  
hardly mention  
That Guv'ment owed me quite a pile for  
my arrears o pension —  
I mean the poor weak thing we *had*  
we run a new one now  
That strings a feller with a claim up tu  
the nighest bough  
An *prectises* the rights o man purtects  
downtrodden debtors,  
Ner wun't hev creditors about ascrougin  
o their betters  
Jeff's got the last idees ther' is poscrip  
fourteenth edition  
He knows it takes some enterprise to run  
an oppersition  
Ourns the fust thru by daylight train  
with all ou doors for deepot  
Yourn goes so slow you'd think twuz  
drawed by a las cent'y teapot —

“IT’S SOME CONSID’BLE

Wal, I gut all on’t paid in gold afore  
our State seceded,  
An’ done wal, for Confed’rit bonds warn’t  
jest the cheese I needed  
Nut but wut they’re ez *good* ez gold, but  
then it’s hard a-breakin’ on ’em,  
An’ ignorant folks is ollers sot an’ wun’t  
git used to takin’ on ’em,  
They’re wuth ez much ez wut they wuz  
afore old Mem’nger signed ’em,  
An’ go off middlin’ wal for drinks, when  
ther’s a knife behind ’em,  
We *du* miss silver, jes’ fer thet an’ ridin’  
in a bus,  
Now we’ve shook off the desputs thet  
wuz suckin’ at our pus,  
An’ it’s *because* the South’s so rich, ’twuz  
nat’ral to expec’  
Supplies o’ change wuz jes’ the things  
we shouldn’t recollect,  
We’d ough’ to ha’ thought aforehan’,  
though, o’ thet good rule o’ Crockett’s,  
For ’t ’s tiresome cairn’ cotton-bales an’  
niggers in your pockets,  
Ner ’tain’t quite hendy to pass off one  
o’ your six-foot Guineas  
An’ git your halves an’ quarters back in  
gals an’ pickaninnies  
Wal, ’tain’t quite all a feller’d ax, but  
then ther’s this to say,

## OF A SPELL

It's on'y jest among ourselves that we  
    expect' to pay  
Our system would ha caird us thru in  
    any Bible cent'ry  
Fore this onscripterl plan come up o  
    books by double entry  
We go the patriarkle here out o all sight  
    an bearin  
For Jacob warn't a suckemstance to Jeff  
    at financierin  
*He* never'd thought o borryin from Esau  
    like all nater  
An then cornfiacatin all debts to sech a  
    small pertater  
There's p'tickle econmy now combined  
    ith morrl beauty  
That saycrifices privit ends (your an my s,  
    tu) to dooty!  
Wy Jeff'd ha gin him five an won his  
    eye-teeth fore he knowed it,  
An stid o wastin pottage hed ha eat  
    it up an owed it.

•

But I wuz goin on to say how I come  
    here to dwell —  
Nough said thet arter lookin roun  
    I liked the place so wal  
Where niggers does a double good with  
    us atop to stiddy em

## *"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE*

By bein' proofs o' prophecy an' suckleatin'  
medium,  
Where a man's sunthin' cos he's white,  
an' whisky's cheap ez fleas,  
An' the financial pollercy jes' sooted my  
idees,  
Thet I friz down right where I wuz,  
merried the Widder Shennon  
(Her thirds wuz part in cotton land, part  
in the curse o' Canaan),  
An' here I be ez lively ez a chipmunk  
on a wall,  
With nothin' to feel riled about much  
later'n Eddam's fall

Ez fur ez human foresight goes, we made  
an even trade  
She gut an overseer, an' I a fem'ly ready-  
made  
(The youngest on 'em's 'mos' growed up),  
rugged an' spry ez weazles,  
So's ther's no resk o' doctor's bills fer  
hoopin'-cough an' measles  
Our farm's at Turkey-Buzzard Roost,  
Little Big Boosy River,  
Wal located in all respek,—fer 'tain't the  
chills 'n' fever  
Thet makes my writin' seem to squirm,  
a Southuner'd allow I'd

## OF A SPELL

Some call to shake, for I've jest hed to  
meller a new cowhide.  
Miss S is all f a lady th aint no  
better on Big Boosy  
Ner one with more accomplishmunt  
twixt here an Tuscaloosy  
She's an F F the tallest kind, an  
prouder'n the Gran Turk  
An never hed a relative thet done a  
stroke o work  
Hern ain't a scrimp'n fam'ly sech ez you  
git up Down East  
Th aint a growed member ont but  
owes his thousuns et the least  
She is some old but then agin ther's  
drawbacks in my sheer  
Wut's left o me ain't more'n enough to  
make a Brigadier  
Wust is, thet she hex tantrums she's like  
Seth Moody's gun  
(Him thet wuz nicknamed frum his limp  
Ole Dot an Kerry One)  
Hed left her loaded up a spell an hed  
to git her clear  
So he unhitched,—Jerusalem! the middle  
o last year  
Wuz right nex door compared to where  
she kicked the crittur tu  
(Though ~~jest~~ where he brought up wuz  
wut no human never knew)

## “IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

His brother Asaph picked her up an' tied  
her to a tree,  
An' then she kicked an hour 'n' a half  
afore she'd let it be  
Wal, Miss S *doos* hev cuttins-up an'  
pourins-out o' vials,  
But then she hez her widder's thirds,  
an' all on uz hez trials  
My objec', though, in writin' now warn't  
to allude to sech,  
But to another suckemstance more delly-  
kit to tech,—  
I want that you should grad'lly break my  
merriage to Jerushy,  
An' there's a heap of argymunts thet's  
emple to indooce ye  
Fust place, State's Prison,—wal, it's true  
it warn't fer crime, o' course,  
But then it's jest the same fer her in  
gittin' a disvorce,  
Nex' place, my State's secedin' out hez  
leg'lly lef' me free  
To merry any one I please, pervidin' it's  
a she,  
Fin'lly, I never wun't come back, she  
needn't hev no fear on't,  
But then it's wal to fix things right fer  
fear Miss S should hear on't,  
Lastly, I've gut religion South, an' Rushy  
she's a pagan

## OF A SPELL"

Thet sets by th graven images o the  
gret Nothun Dagon  
(Now I hain't seen one in six munts for  
sence our Treashry Loan  
Though yuller boys is thick anough eagles  
hez kind o flown)  
An ef J wants a stronger pint than them  
thet I hev stated  
Wy shes an aliun in my now an I've  
ben confiscated —  
For sence we've entered on th estate o  
tho late nayshnul engle,  
She hain't no kin o right but jes wut I  
allow ez legle  
Wut does Secedin mean ef tant thet  
natrul rights hez riz 'n  
Thet wut is mine & my own but wut's  
another man's ain't hisn?

Bendes I couldn't do no else Miss S  
sez she to me  
"You've sheered my bed" [thet's when I  
paid my interdution fee  
To Southun rites] an kep your sheer  
[wul I allow it sticked  
So'st I wuz most six weeks in jail afore  
I gut me picked].  
Ner never paid no demmiges but thet  
wun't do no harm



## “IT’S SOME CONSID’BLE

Pervidin’ thet you’ll ondertake to oversee  
the farm

(My eldes’ boy is so took up, wut with  
the Ringtail Rangers

An’ settin’ in the Jestice-Court for wel-  
comin’ o’ strangers”)

[He sot on *me*], “an’ so, ef you’ll jest  
ondertake the care

Upon a mod’rit sellery, we’ll up an’ call  
it square,

But ef you *can’t* conclude,” sez she, an’  
give a kin’ o’ grin,

“Wy, the Gran’ Jury, I expect, ’ll hev to  
set agin ”

Thet’s the way metters stood at fust,  
now wut wuz I to du,

But jes’ to make the best on’t an’ off coat  
an’ buckle tu ?

Ther’ ain’t a livin’ man thet finds an  
income necessarier

Than me — bimeby I’ll tell ye how I  
fin’lly come to merry her

c

She hed another motive, tu I mention  
of it here

T’ encourage lads thet’s growin’ up to  
study ’n’ persevere,

An’ show ’em how much bæter’t pays to  
mind their winter schoolin’

## OF A SPELL"

Than to go off on benders n sech an  
waste their time in foolin  
Ef twarn't for studyin e enins why I  
never d ha been here,  
An ornament o society in my appropriat  
spear  
She wanted somebody ye see o taste an  
cultivation  
To talk along o preachers when they  
stopt to the plantation  
For folks in Dixie tht read an rite  
unless it is by jarks  
Is skurce ex wut they wuz among th  
oridgenle patriarchs  
To fit a feller f' wut they call the soshle  
higherarchy  
All thet you've gut to know is jes beyond  
an evrage darky  
Schoolin's wut they cant seem to stan  
they're tu consarned high pressure  
An knowin t much might spile a boy  
for bein a Seceshor  
We hain't no settled preachin here ner  
minister'l taxes  
The minster's only settlement's the carpet  
bag he packs his  
Razor an soap-brush intu with his hym-  
book an his Bible —  
But they du preach I swan to man it's  
puff'ly indescrib'le!

## A LETTER

They go it like an Ericsson's ten-hoss-  
power coleric engine,  
An' make Ole Split-Foot winch an'  
squirm, for all he's used to singin',  
Hawkins's whetstone ain't a pinch o'  
primin' to the innards  
To hearin' on 'em put free grace t' a lot  
o' tough old sinhard's!  
But I must end this letter now 'fore  
long I'll send a fresh un,  
I've lots o' things to write about, per-  
ticklerly Seeshun  
I'm called off now to mission work, to  
let a leetle law in  
To Cynthia's hide an' so, till death,

Yours,

BIRDOFREDDUM SAWIN

Mason and Slidell  
A Yankee Idyll



I love to start out arter night's begun  
An all the chores about the farm are  
done

The critters milked an foddered gates  
shet fast,

Tools cleaned aginst to-morrer supper  
past,

An Nancy darnin by her ker'sene lamp —

I love I say to start upon a tramp

To shake the kinkles out o back an  
legs,

An kind o rack my life off from the  
dregs

Thet's apt to settle in the buttery-hutch

Of folks thet foller in one rut too much:

Hard work is good an wholesome, past  
all doubt

But 'tain't so ef the mind gits tuckered  
out.

Now bein born in Middlesex you know

There's certin spots where I like best to  
go

## MASON AND SLIDELL

The Concord road, for instance (I, for one,  
Most gin'lly ollers call it *John Bull's Run*),  
The field o' Lexin'ton, where England  
tried

The fastest colours thet she ever dyed,  
An' Concord Bridge, thet Davis, when he  
came,

Found was the bee-line track to heaven  
an' fame,

Ez all roads be by natur, ef your soul  
Don't sneak thru shun-pikes so's to save  
the toll

They're 'most too fur away, take too  
much time

To visit of'en, ef it ain't in rhyme,  
But the' 's a walk thet's hendier, a sight,  
An' suits me fust-rate of a winter's  
night,—

I mean the round whale's-back o' Prospect  
Hill

I love to loiter there while night grows  
still,

An' in the twinklin' villages about,  
Fust here, then there, the well-saved  
lights goes out,

An' nary sound but watch-dogs' false  
alarms,

Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy  
farms,

## A YANKEE IDILL

Where some wise rooster (men act jest  
  that way)  
Stands to t'at moonrise is the break  
  o' day  
(So Mister Seward sticks a three-month's  
  pin  
Where the war'd ought to end then  
  tries agin  
My gran'ther's rule was safer n' us to  
  crow  
*Don't never prophesy—unless ya know*)

I love to muse there till it kind o' seem  
Ex ef the world went eddyin' off in  
  dreams.  
The north-west wind thet twitches at my  
  baird  
Blows out o' sturdier days not easy  
  scared  
An the same moon thet this December  
  shines  
Starts out the tents an' booths o' Putnam's  
  lines  
The rail fence posts acrost the hill thet  
  runs  
Turn ghosts o' sogers should'n ghosts  
  o' guns  
Ex wheels the sentry glints a flash o'  
  light  
Along the firelock won at Concord Fight

## MASON AND SLIDELL

An', 'twixt the silences, now fur, now  
nigh,  
Rings the sharp challenge, hums the low  
reply

Ez I was settin' so, it warn't long sence,  
Mixin' the puffict with the present tense,  
I heerd two voices som'ers in the air,  
Though, ef I was to die, I can't tell  
where

Voices I call 'em 'twas a kind o' sough  
Like pine trees thet the wind's a-geth'rin'  
through,

An', fact, I thought it *was* the wind  
a spell,

Then some misdoubted, couldn't fairly  
tell,

Fust sure, then not, jest as you hold  
an eel,

I knowed, an' didn't, — fin'lly seemed to  
feel

'Twas Concord Bridge a-talkin' off to kill  
With the Stone Spike thet's druv thru  
Bunker's Hill,

Whether 'twas so, or ef I on'y dreamed,  
I couldn't say, I tell it ez it seemed

## A YANKEE IDYLL

### *The Bridge*

Wal neighbour tell us, wut's turned up  
thet's new?  
You re younger'n I be —nigher Boston tu  
An down to Boston ef you take their  
showin  
Wut they dont know aln't hardly wuth  
the knowin  
There's *swathin* goin on I know las  
night  
The British sogers killed in our gret  
fight  
(Nigh fifty year they hednt stirred nor  
spoke)  
Made sech a coil you d thought a dam  
hed brake  
Why one he up an beat a revellee  
With his own crossbones on a holler tree  
Till all the graveyards swarmed out like  
a hive  
With faces I haint seen sence Seventy  
five.  
Wut is the news? 'Taint good or they'd  
be cheerin  
Speak slow an clear for I m some hard  
o hearn

### *The Monument*

I dont know hardly ef its good or bad —  
( 1867 ) 113 9



## MASON AND SLIDELL

### *The Bridge*

At wust, it can't be wus than wut we've  
had

### *The Monument*

You know them envys thet the Rebbles  
sent,  
An' Cap'n Wilkes he borried o' the *Trent*?

### *The Bridge*

Wut! they ha'n't hanged 'em? Then their  
wits is gone!  
Thet's the sure way to make a goose  
a swan!

### *The Monument*

No England she *would* hev 'em, *Fee,*  
*Faw, Fum!*  
(Ez though she hedn't fools enough to  
home,)  
So they've returned 'em——

### *The Bridge*

*Hev* they? Wal, by heaven,  
Thet's the wust news I've heerd sence  
Seventy-seven!  
*By George,* I meant to say, though I  
declare  
It's 'most enough to make a deacon swear

## A YANKEE IDYLL

### *The Monument*

Now don't go off half-cock folks never  
gains  
By usin' pepper sarns instid o' brains.  
Come neighbour you don't understan —

### *The Bridge*

How? Hey?  
Not understan? Why wut's to hender  
pray?  
Must I go huntin' round to find a chap  
To tell me when my face hez hed a slap?

### *The Monument*

See here the British they found out a  
flaw  
In Cap'n Wilkes's readin' o' the law  
(They *make* all laws, you know an so,  
o' course  
It's nateral they should understan their  
force)  
He'd ough to ha' took the vessel into  
port  
An' hed her sot on by a reg'lar court  
She was a mail-ship an' a steamer tu  
An' that they say hez changed the plint  
o' view  
Cuz the old practice bein' meant for sails  
Ef tried upon a steamer kind o' fails

## MASON AND SLIDELL

You *may* take out despatches, but you  
mus'n't  
Take nary man——

### *The Bridge*

You mean to say, you dus'n't!  
Changed pint o' view! No, no,—it's over-  
board  
With law an' gospel, when their ox is  
gored!  
I tell ye, England's law, on sea 'n land,  
Hez ollers ben, "*I've gut the heaviest  
hand*"  
Take nary man? Fine preachin' from *her*  
lips!  
Why, she hez taken hundreds from our  
ships,  
An' would agin, an' swear she had a  
right to,  
Ef we warn't strong enough to be  
perlite to  
Of all the sarse thet I can cañ to mind,  
England *doos* make the most onpleasant  
kind  
It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the  
saint,  
Wut's good's all English; all thet isn't  
ain't,

## A YANKEE IDYLL

Wut profits her is ollers right an just  
An ef you don't read Scriptur so you  
must  
She s praised herself until she fairly  
thinks  
There alnt no light in Natur when she  
winks  
Hain't she the Ten Commanments in her  
pus?  
Could the world stir 'thout she went tu  
ex mus?  
She ain't like other mortals thet s a  
fact  
She never stopped the habus-corpus act,  
Nor specie payments nor she never yet  
Cut down the int'rest on her public debt  
She don't put down rebellions, lets em  
breed  
An s ollers willin Ireland should secede  
She s all thet s honest honnable, an  
fair  
An when the vartooes died, they made her  
heir

### *The Monument*

Wal wal two wrongs dont never make  
a right  
Ef were mistaken own it an dont  
fight



## A YANKEE IDILL'

With Rooshy Prooshy Austray all  
assistin  
Th ain't nut a face but wut she's shook  
her fist in  
Ex though she done it all an ten times  
more,  
An nothin never hed gut done afore,  
Nor never could agin 'thout she wuz  
spliced  
On to one eend an gin th old airth a  
hoist.  
She is some punkins that I wunt deny  
(For ain't she some related to you n I?)  
But there's a few small intrists here  
below  
Outside the counter of John Bull an Co.  
An though they can't conceit how't should  
be so  
I guess the Lord druv down Creation's  
spiles  
'Thout no *gret* helpin from the British  
Isles,  
An could contrive to keep things pooty  
stiff  
Ef they withdrawed from business in a  
miff  
I han't no patience with sech swellin  
fellers ez  
Think God can't forge 'thout them to  
blow the bellerses.

## MASON AND SLIDELL

### *The Monument*

You're ollers quick to set your back  
aridge,  
Though't suits a tom-cat more'n a sober  
bridge  
Don't you git het they thought the  
thing was planned,  
They'll cool off when they come to under-  
stand

### *The Bridge*

Ef *that's* wut you expect, you'll *hev* to  
wait  
Folks never understand the folks they  
hate  
She'll fin' some other grievance jest ez  
good,  
'Fore the month's out, to git misunder-  
stood  
England cool off! She'll do it, ef she  
sees  
She's run her head into a swarm o'  
bees  
I ain't so prejudiced ez wut you spose  
I hev thought England was the best thet  
goes  
Remember (no, you can't), when *I* was  
reared,  
*God save the King* was all the tune you  
heerd

## A IANKEE IDILL

But its enough to turn Wachuset roun  
This stumpin fellers when you think  
they're down.

### *The Monument*

But, neighbour ef they prove their claim  
at law  
The best way is to settle an not jaw  
An don't be s mutter 'bout the awflo  
bricks  
We'll give em ef we ketch em in a fix  
That ere s most frequently the kin o  
talk  
Of critters cant be kicked to toe the  
chalk  
Your You'll see nex' time!" an Look  
out bumby!"  
Most ollers ends in eatin umble pie.  
'Twun't pay to scringe to England will  
it pay  
To fear that meaner bully old They'll  
say"?  
Suppose they *do* say words are drefle  
bores,  
But they aln't quite so bad ez seventy  
fours.  
Wut England wants is jest a wedge to  
fit  
Where it'll help to widen out our split



## MASON AND SLIDELL

She's found her wedge, an' 'tain't for us  
to come  
An' lend the beetle thet's to drive it  
home  
For growed-up folks like us 'twould be a  
scandle,  
When we git sarsed, to fly right off the  
handle  
England ain't *all* bad, coz she thunks us  
blind  
Ef she can't change her skin, she can  
her mind,  
An' we shall see her change it double-  
quick,  
Soon ez we've proved thet we're a-goin'  
to lick  
She an' Columby's gut to be fas' friends  
For the world prospers by their privit  
ends  
'Twould put the clock back all o' fifty  
years  
Ef they should fall together by the ears

### *The Bridge*

I 'gree to thet, she's nigh us to wut  
France is,  
But then she'll hev to make the fust ad-  
vances,

## A YANKEE IDYLL

We've gut pride tu an gut it by good  
rights,  
An ketch ~~me~~ stoopin to pick up the  
mites  
O condescension she'll be lettin fall  
When she finds out we alnt dead arter  
all!  
I tell ye wut it takes more n one good  
week  
Afore ~~my~~ nose forgits It's hed a tweak.

### *The Monument*

She'll come out right bumby thet I'll  
engage  
Soon ez she gits to seein were of age  
This talkin down o hers aint wuth a  
fuss  
Its natral ez nut likin 'tis to us  
Ef we're agoin to prove we ~~be~~ growed  
up  
Twunt be by barkin like a tarrier pup  
But turnin to an makin things ez good  
Ex wut were ollers braggin that we  
could  
Were bound to be good friends an so  
wed ough to,  
In spite of all the fools both sides the  
water

# MASON AND SLIDELL

## *The Bridge*

I b'lieve thet's so, but hearken in your  
ear,—  
I'm older'n you, — Peace won't keep  
house with Fear  
Ef you want peace, the thing you've gut  
to du  
Is/jes' to show you're up to fightin', tu  
//recollect how sailors' rights was won,  
Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin'  
gun  
Why, afore thet, John Bull sot up thet he  
Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the sea,  
You'd thought he held by Gran'ther  
Adam's will,  
An' ef you knuckle down, he'll think so  
still  
Better thet all our ships an' all their  
crews  
Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless  
ooze,  
Each torn flag wavin' challenge ez it  
went,  
An' each dumb gun a brave man's moni-  
ment,  
Than seek sech peace ez only cowards  
crave  
Give *me* the peace of dead nfen or of  
brave!

## A YANKEE IDYLL

### *The Monument*

I say ole boy it aint the Glorious Fourth  
You d ough to larned fore this wut talk  
wuz worth.

It aint *our* nose thet gits put out o  
jint

It's England thet gives up her dearest  
pint.

We've gut, I tell ye now enough to du  
In our own fem'ly fight, afore we re thru.  
I hoped las spring jes arter Sumter's  
shame,

When every flagstaff flapped its tethered  
flame,

An all the people, startled from their  
doubt

Come must'n to the flag with sech a  
shout —

I hoped to see things settled Yore this  
fall

The Rebbles licked Jeff Davis hanged  
an all

Then come Bull Run an *sece* then I ve  
ben waitin

Like boys in Jennoary thaw for skatin  
Nothin to du but watch my shadder's  
trace

Swing like a ship at anchor roun my  
base,

## MASON AND SLIDELL

With daylight's flood an' ebb it's gittin'  
slow,  
An' I 'most think we'd better let 'em go  
I tell ye wut, this war's agoin' to cost——

## The Bridge

An' I tell *you* it wun't be money lost,  
Taxes milks dry, but, neighbour, you'll  
allow  
Thet havin' things onsettled kills the  
cow  
We've gut to fix this thing for good  
an' all,  
It's no use buildin' wut's agoin' to fall  
I'm older'n you, an' I've seen things an'  
men,  
An' *my* experunce,—tell ye wut it's ben  
Folks thet worked thorough was the ones  
thet thriv,  
But bad work follers ye ez long's ye live,  
You can't git red on't, jest ez sure ez  
sin,  
It's ollers askin' to be done agin '  
Ef we should part, it wouldn't be a week  
'Fore your soft-soddered peace would  
spring a leak  
We've turned our cuffs up, but, to put  
her thru,  
We must git mad an' off with jackets, tu

## A YANKEE IDYLL

Twunt du to think thet killin aint  
perilte,—

You've gut to be in earnest, ef you fight  
Why two-thirds o the Rebbles ould cut  
dirt,

Ef they once thought thet Guvment  
meant to hurt

An I *ds* wish our Gunrals hed in mind  
The folks in front more than the folks  
behind

You want do much ontill you think it's  
God

An not constitoounts thet holds the rod  
We want some more o Gideon's sword  
I jedge

For proclamations hant no gret of edge  
There's nothin for a cancer but the  
knife,

Qnless you set by t more than by your  
lfe,

I've seen hard times I see a war begun  
Thet folks thet love their bellies never'd  
won

Pharo's<sup>9</sup> lean kine hung on for seven long  
year

But when twas done, we didnt count  
it dear

Why law an order honour civil right  
Ef they *aint* wuth it wut is wuth a  
fight?

## MASON AND SLIDELL

I'm older'n you the plough, the axe,  
the mill,  
All kin's o' labour an' all kin's o' skill,  
Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's claw,  
Ef 'twarn't for thet slow critter, 'stab-  
lished law,  
Onsettle *thet*, an' all the world goes whiz,  
A screw's got loose in everythin' there  
is  
Good buttresses once settled, don't you  
fret  
An' stir 'em, take a bridge's word for  
thet'  
Young folks are smart, but all ain't good  
thet's new,  
I guess the gran'thers they knowed sun-  
thin', tu

### *The Moniment*

Amen to thet' build sure in the beginnin',  
An' then don't never tech the' under-  
pinnin'  
Th' older a guv'ment is, the better 't suits,  
New ones hunt folk's corns out like new  
boots  
Change jes' for change is like those big  
hotels

## A YANKEE IDYLL

Where they shift plates an let ye live on  
smells.

### *The Bridge*

Wal dont give up afore the ship goes  
down

Its a stiff gale, but Providence wunt  
drown

An God wunt leave us yit to sink or  
swim

Ef we dont fail to du wuts right by  
Him.

This land o ours I tell ye a gut to be  
A better country than man ever see.

I feel my sperit swellin with a cry

That seems to say Break forth an  
prophecy!"

O strange New World thet yit wast  
never young

Whose youth from thee by gripin need  
was wrung

Brown foundlin o the woods, whose  
baby-bed

Was prowled roun by the Injun a crack  
In tread

An who grew't strong thru shifts an  
wants an pains

Nussed by gvern men with empires in  
their brains



## MASON AND SLIDELL

Who saw in vision their young Ishmel  
    strain  
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,  
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret  
    events  
To pitch new States ez Old-World men  
    pitch tents,—  
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's  
    plan  
Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,  
An' whose free latch-string never was  
    drawed in  
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,—  
The grave's not dug where traitor hands  
    shall lay  
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!  
I see——

Jest here some dogs begun to bark,  
So thet I lost old Concord's last remark  
I listened long, but all I seemed to hear  
Was dead leaves goss'pin' on some birch  
    trees near,  
But ez they hedn't no gret things to say,  
An' sed 'em often, I come right away,  
An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass the  
    time,  
I put some thoughts that bowered me in  
    rhyme,

## A \YANKEE\ IDILL\

I haint hed time to fairly try em on  
But here they be—it s

### JONATHAN TO JOHN

It don't seem hardly right John  
When both my hands was full  
To stump me to a fight John —  
Your cousin tu John Bull  
Ole Uncle S. sez he I guess  
We know it now " sez he  
The lions paw is all the law  
Accordin to J B  
Thet s fit for you an me!"

You wonder why were hot John?  
Your mark wuz on the guns,  
The neutral guns, thet shot John,  
Our brothers an our sons  
Ole Uncle S sez he, I guess  
There s human blood," sez he  
By fits an starts in Yankee hearts  
Though't may surprise J B  
More n it would you an me "

Ef I turned mad dogs loose John  
On *your* front parlour stairs  
Would it jec. meet your views, John  
To wait an sue their heirs?

## MASON AND SLIDELL

Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,  
I on'y guess," sez he,  
"Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,  
'Twould kind o' rile J B,  
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,  
*Heads I win,—ditto tails?*

"J B" was on his shirts, John,  
Unless my memory fails  
Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess  
(I'm good at thet)," sez he,  
"Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice  
For ganders with J B,  
No more'n with you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs, John,  
You didn't stop for fuss,—  
Britanny's trident prongs, John,  
Was good 'nough law for us  
Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,  
Though physic's good," sez he,  
"It doesn't foller thet he can swaller  
Prescriptions signed '*J B*', '  
Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John  
You mus'n't take it hard,  
Ef we can't think with you, John,  
It's *jest* your own backyard

## A YANKEE IDYLL

Ole Uncle S sez he I guess  
Ef *that's* his claim " sez he  
The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough  
To bust up friend J B  
Ex wal ez you an me!"

Why talk so dreslie big John  
Of honour when it meant  
You didn't care a fig John  
But jest for *ten per cent*?  
Ole Uncle S sez he I guess  
He s like the rest," sez he  
When all is done it s number on  
That s nearest to J B  
Ex wal ez t you an me!"

We give the critters back, John,  
Cos Abram thought 'twas right  
It warn't your bullyin clack John  
Provokin us to fight.  
Ole Uncle S sez he I guess  
We've a hard row " sez he  
To hoo jest now but thet somehow  
May happen to J B  
Ex wal ez you an me!"

We ain't so weak an poor John  
With twenty million people  
An close to every door John  
A schoolhouse an a steeple.

## MASON 'AND' SLIDELL

Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,  
It is a fact," sez he,  
"The surest plan to make a Man  
Is, think him so, J B ,  
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John,  
An' it's for her sake, now,  
They've left the axe an' saw, John,  
The anvil an' the plough  
Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,  
Ef 'twarn't for law," sez he,  
"There'd be one shindy from here to Ind'y,  
And thet don't suit J B  
(When 'tain't 'twixt you an' me!)"

We know we've gut a cause, John,  
Thet's honest, just, an' true,  
We thought 'twould win applause, John,  
Ef nowheres else, from you  
Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess  
His love of right," sez he,  
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cqton  
There's natur in J B ,  
Ez wal'z in you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*" John,  
An' "*All men up!*" say we,—  
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John  
Now which is your idee?

## A YANKEE IDYLL

Ole Uncle S sez he I guess  
John preaches wal " sez he  
But sermon thru an come to d's  
Why there s the old J B  
A-crowdin -you an me!"

Shall it be love or hate John?  
It s you thet s to decide  
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate John  
Like all the world s beside?  
Ole Uncle S sez he I guess  
Wise men forgive " sez he  
But not forgit an some time yit  
Thet truth may strike J B.  
Ex wal ez you an me

God means to make this land John  
Clear thru from sea to sea  
Believe an understand John  
The *walk* o bein free.  
Ole Uncle S sez he I guess  
God s price is high sez he  
But nothin else than wut He sells  
Wears long an thet J B  
May larn, like you an me!"

"I had it on  
my min'"



BIRDOFFEDUM SAWIN, ESQ.,  
TO MR HOSEA BIGLOW

I hed it on my min' las' time, when I to  
write ye started,  
To tech the leadin' featur's o' my gittin'  
me convarted,  
But, ez my letters hez to go clearn roun'  
by way o' Cuby,  
'Twun't seem no staler now than then,  
by th' time it gits where you be  
You know up North, though secs an'  
things air plenty ez you please,  
Ther' warn't nut one on 'em thet come  
jes' square with my idees  
They all on 'em wuz too much mixed  
with Covenants o' Works,  
An' would hev answered jest ez wal for  
Afrikins an' Turks,  
Fer where's a Christian's privilege an' his  
rewards ensuin',  
Ef 'tain't perfessin' right an' eend 'thout  
nary need o' doin'?'  
I dessay they suit workin'-folke thet ain't  
noways pertic'lar,

## 'I HAD IT ON MY MIN

But nut your Southun gen'leman thet  
keeps his perpendic'lar  
I dont blame nary man thet casts his  
lot along o Air folks,  
But ef you call'ate to save me I must  
be with folks thet is folks  
Cov'nants o works go ginst my grain  
but down here I ve found out  
The true fus fem'ly Air plan —here s how  
it come about.  
When I fus' sot up with Miss S sez she  
to me sez she,  
Without you git religion sur the thing  
cant never be  
Nut but wut I respeck," sez she your  
intellectle part,  
But you wunt nowadays du for me athout  
a change o heart  
Nothun religion works wal North but its  
ex soft ex spruce,  
Compared to ourn for keepin sound " sez  
she upon the goose  
A day's experunced prove to ye ez easy x  
pull a trigger  
It takes the Southun pint o view to raise  
ten bales a nigger  
You'll fin thet human natur South aint  
wholesome more'n skin-deep  
An once't a darkie s took with it, he wunt  
be wuth his keep "



## "I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

"How *shall* I git it, M'am?" sez I  
"Attend the nex' camp-meetin',"  
Sez she, "an' it'll come to ye ez cheap ez  
onbleached sheetin' "

Wal, so I went along an' hearn most an  
impressive sermon  
About besprinklin' Afriky with fourth-  
proof dew o' Harmon  
He didn't put no weakenin' in, but gin it  
tu us hot,  
'Z ef he an' Satan'd ben two bulls in one  
five-acre lot  
I don't purtend to foller him, but give ve  
jes' the heads,  
For pulpit ellerkence, you know, 'most  
ollers kin' o' spreads  
Ham's seed wuz gin to us in charge,  
an' shouldn't we be h'ble  
In Kingdom Come, ef we kep' bick their  
priv'lege in the Bible?  
The cusses an' the promerses make one  
gret chain, an' ef  
You snake one link out here, one there,  
how much on't ud be lef' ?  
All things wuz gin to man for's use,  
his sarvice, an' delight,  
An' don't the Greek an' Hel'-ew words  
thet mean a Man mean White ?

*'I HAD IT 'ON MY WIN*

Ain't it belittlin' the Good Book in all its  
proudest featur  
To think 'twuz wrote for black an' brown  
an' 'lasses-coloured creaturs  
That couldn' read it ef they would nor  
ain't by lor allowed to  
But ough to take wut we think suits  
their natur an' be proud to?  
Warn't it more profitable to bring your  
raw materi' thru  
Where you can work it into grace an'  
into cotton tu,  
Than sendin' missionaries out where fevers  
might defeat 'em  
An' ef the butcher didn' call their  
prishoners might eat 'em?  
An' then agin, wut airthly use? Nor  
twarn't our fault, in so fur  
Ex Yankee skippers would keep on  
a totin' on 'em over  
'T improved the whites by savin' 'em  
from any need o' workin'  
An' kep the blacks from bean' lost thru  
idleness an' shirkin  
We took to 'em ex nat'ral ex a barn-owl  
doos to mice,  
An' hed our hull time on our hands to  
keep us out o' vice  
It made us feel ex pop'lar ex a hen doos  
with one chicken,

*"I HAD IT ON MY MIN"*

An' fill our place in Natur's scale by  
givin' 'em a lickin'  
For why should Cæsar git his dues  
more'n Juno, Pomp, an' Cuffy ?  
It's justifyin' Ham to spare a nigger when  
he's stuffy  
Where'd their soles go tu, like to know,  
ef we should let 'em ketch  
Freeknowledgism an' Fourierism an' Speri-  
toolism an' sech ?  
When Satan sets himself to work to raise  
his very bes' muss,  
He scatters roun' onscriptur'l views re-  
latin' to Ones'mus

You'd ough' to seen, though, how his facs  
an' argymunce an' figgers  
Drowed tears o' real conviction from a  
lot o' pen'tent niggers !  
It warn't like Wilbur's meetin', where  
you're shet up in a pew,  
Your dickeys sorrin' off your ears, an'  
bilin' to be thru,  
Ther' wuz a tent clost by thet hed a kag  
o' sunthin' in it,  
Where you could go, ef you wuz dry, an'  
damp ye in a minute,  
An' ef you did dror off a spell, ther'  
wuzn't no occasion

' I HAD IT ON MY MIN

To lose the thread, because ye see he  
bellered like all Bashan.

It's dry work follerin argymunce an so  
'twix this an thet

I felt conviction weighin down somehow  
inside my hat

It growed an growed like Jonah's gourd  
a kin o whirlin ketched me

Ontil I fin'ly clean gin out an owned  
up thet had fetched me

An when nine tenths o th perrish took  
to tumblin roun an hollerin

I didn fin no gret in th way o turnin  
tu an follerin

Soon ez Miss S see thet sez she *Thet's*  
wut I call wuth seein !

*Thet's* actin like a reasonable an intel  
lectle bein !"

An so we fin'ly made it up concluded  
to blitch hosses,

An here I be n my ellermunt among  
creation's bosses

Arter I'd drawed sech heaps o blanks  
Fortin at last hex sent a prize

An chose me for a shinin light o  
missionary entaprise.

This leads me to another pint on which  
I've changed my plan

*"I HAD IT ON MY MIN"*

O' thinkin' so's 't I might become a  
straight-out Southun man  
Miss S (her maiden name wuz Higgs,  
o' the fus' fem'ly here)  
On her Ma's side's all Juggernot, on  
Pa's all Cavileer,  
An' sence I've merried into her an' stept  
into her shoes,  
It ain't more'n nateral thet I should  
modderfy my views  
I've ben a-readin' in Debow until I've  
fairly gut  
So 'nlightened thet I'd full ez lives ha'  
ben a Dook ez nut,  
An' when we've laid ye all out stiff, an'  
Jeff hez gut his crown,  
An' comes to pick his nobles out, *wun't*  
this child be in town '  
We'll hev an Age o' Chivverlry surpassin'  
Mister Burke's,  
Where every fem'ly is fus'-best an' nary  
white man works  
Our system's sech, the thing'll root ez  
easy ez a tater,  
For while your lords in furrin parts ain't  
noways marked by natur,  
Nor sot apart from ornery folks in featur  
nor in figgers,  
Ef oun'll keep their faces washed, you'll  
know 'em from their niggers

"I HAD IT ON MY MIND"

Ain't *seck* things wuth secedin for an  
gittin red o you  
Thet waller in your low idees an will  
till all is blue?  
Fact is we *asr* a different race an 1 for  
one, dont see,  
Sech havin ollers ben the case how w  
ever *did* agree.  
Its sunthin that you labrin folks up  
North hed ough to think on  
Thet Higgess cant bemean themselves  
to rulin by a Lincoln —  
Thet men (an guv'nors, tu) thet hez  
sech Normal names ez Pickens,  
Accustomed to no kin o work, 'thout  
'tis to givin lickins  
Cant manure votes with folks thet git  
their livins from their farms  
An prob'ly think thet Law's ez good ez  
hevin coats o arms.  
Sence I've ben here, I've hired a chap to  
look about for me  
To git me a transplantable an thrifty  
fem'ly-tree  
An he tells *me* the Sawins is ez much  
o Normal blood  
Ez Pickens an' the rest on em an  
older'n Noah's flood.  
Your Normal schools wunt turn ye into  
Normals for its clear

## "I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

Ef eddykatin' done the thing, they'd be  
some skurcer here  
Pickenses, Boggses, Pettuses, Magoffins,  
Letchers, Polks,—  
Where can you scare up names like them  
among your mudsill folks?  
Ther's nothin' to compare with 'em, you'd  
fin', ef you should glance,  
Among the tip-top femerlies in Englan',  
nor in France  
I've hearn from 'sponsible men whose  
word wuz full ez good's their note,  
Men thet can run their face for drinks,  
an' keep a Sunday coat,  
Thet they wuz all on 'em come down, an'  
come down pooty fur,  
From folks thet, 'thout their crowns wuz  
on, ou' doors wouldn' never stir,  
Nor thet ther' warn't a Southun man but  
wut wuz *primy fashy*  
O' the bes' blood in Europe, yis, an'  
Afriky an' Ashy  
Sech bein' the case, is't likely we should  
bend like cotton wickin',  
Or set down under anythin' so low-lived  
ez a lickin'?  
More'n this,—hain't we the literatoor, an'  
science, tu, by gorry?  
Hain't we them intellectle twyeps, them  
giants, Simms an' Maury,

## *'I HAD IT ON MY MIN'*

Each with full twice the ushle brains like  
nothin' that I know

'Thout 'twuz a double headed calf I see  
once to a show?

For all thet, I warn't jest at fust in  
favour o' secedin

I wuz for layin low a spell to find out  
where 'twuz leadin

For hev'n South-Carliny try her hand at  
sepritationin

She takin risks an findin funds an we  
co-operationin —

I mean a kin o' hangin roun an settin  
on the fence

Till Providence pinte how to jump an  
save the most expense

I recollected thet ore mine o' lead to  
Shiraz Centre

Thet bust up Jabez Pettibone, an didn't  
want to ventur

Fore I wuz sartin wut come out ud pay  
for wut went in

For swappin silver off for lead aint the  
sure way to win

(An fact it *do* look now ez though—  
but folks must live an larn—

We should <sup>git</sup> lead, an more n we want  
out o' the Old Consarn)



## “I HAD IT ON MY MIN”

But when I see a man so wise an' honest  
ez Buchanan  
A-lettin' us hev all the forts an' all the  
arms an' cannon,  
Admittin' we wuz nat'lly right an' you  
wuz nat'lly wrong,  
Coz you wuz lab'rin' folks an' we wuz  
wut they call *bong-tong*,  
An' coz there warn't no fight in ye more'n  
in a mashed potater,  
While two o' us can't skurcely meet but  
wut we fight by natur,  
An' th' ain't a bar-room here would pay  
for openin' on't a night,  
Without it giv the priverlege o' bein'  
shot at sight,  
Which proves we're Natur's noblemen,  
with whom it don't surprise  
The British aristoxxy should feel boun' to  
sympathize,—  
Seen' all this, an' seen', tu, the thing wuz  
strikin' roots  
While Uncle Sam sot still in hopes thet  
some one'd bring his boots,  
I thought th' ole Union's hoops wuz off,  
an' let myself be sucked in  
To rise a peg an' jine the crowd thet  
went for reconstructin',—  
Thet is, to hev the pardnership under th'  
ole name continner

## *I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"*

Jest ez it wuz, we droerrin pay you findin  
bone an sinner —  
On y to put it in the bond an enter t in  
the journals  
Thet you re the natral rank an file, an  
we the natral kurnels.

Now this I thought a fees'ble plan thet  
ud work smooth ez grease,  
Sultin the Nineteenth Century an Upper  
Ten Ideas,  
An there I meant to stick, an so did  
most o th leaders tu  
Cox we all thought the chance wuz good  
o puttin on it thru  
But Jeff he hit upon a way o helpin on  
us forrard  
By bein unannermous—a trick you alnt  
quite up to Norrard.  
A Baldin balnt no more f a chance with  
them new apple-corers  
Than folks s oppersition views against the  
Ringtail Roarers  
They'll take em out on him 'bout east  
—one canter on a rail  
Makes a man feel unannermous ez Jonah  
in the whale  
Or ef he's a slow moulded cuss thet can't  
seem quite t gree,

*"I HAD 'IT ON MY MIN'"*

He gits the noose by tellergraph upon  
the nighes' tree  
Their mission work with Afrikins hez put  
'em up, thet's sartin,  
To all the mos' across-lot ways o' preachin  
an' convartin',  
I'll bet my hat th' ain't nary priest, nor  
all on 'em together,  
Thet cairs conviction to the min' like  
Reveren' Taranfeather,  
Why, he sot up with me one night, an'  
laboured to sech purpose,  
Thet (ez an owl by daylight 'mongst a flock  
o' teazin' chirpers  
Sees clearer'n mud the wickedness o' eatin'  
little birds)  
I see my error an' agreed to shen it  
arterwurds,  
An' I should say (to jedge our folks by  
facts in my possession),  
Thet three's Unannermous where one's  
a 'Riginal Secession,  
So it's a thing you fellers North may safely  
bet your chink on,  
Thet we're all water-proofed agin th'  
usurpin' reign o' Lincoln

Jeff's *some* He's gut another plan thet  
hez pertic'lar merits,

*'I HAD IT ON MY MIND'*

In givin things a cheerfie look an stiffnin  
loose-hung sperits  
For while your million papers, wut with  
lyin an discussin  
keeps folks s tempers all on eend a-fumin  
an a-fussin  
A wondrin this an guessin thet, an  
dreadin every night  
The breechin o the Univarze 'll break  
afore it s light,  
Our papers don't putend to print on y  
wut Guv'ment choose,  
An thet ensures us all to git the very  
best o noose  
Jest hez it of all sorts an kunes an sarves  
it out ez wanted  
So s t every man gits wut he likes an  
nobody aint scanted  
Sometimes it's vict'ries (they're 'bout all  
ther' is that s cheap down here)  
Sometimes it's France an England on  
the jump to interfere.  
Fact is the less the people know o wut  
ther' is a-doin  
The hendler tis for Guv'ment sence it  
hendens trouble brewin  
An noose is like a shinplaster —it s good  
ef you believe it  
Or wut's all same the other man thet s  
goin to receive it

*"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"*

Ef you've a son in th' army, wy, it's  
    comfortin' to hear  
He'll hev no gretter resk to run than  
    seem' th' in'my's rear,  
Coz, ef an' F F looks at 'em, they ollers  
    break an' run,  
Or wilt right down ez debtors will thet  
    stumble on a dun  
(An' this, ef an'thin', proves the wuth o'  
    proper fem'ly pride,  
Fer sech mean shucks ez creditors are all  
    on Lincoln's side),  
Ef I hev scrip thet wun't go off no more'n  
    a Belgin rifle,  
An' read thet it's at par on 'Change, it  
    makes me feel del'fle,  
It's cheerin', tu, where every man mus'  
    fortify his bed,  
To hear thet Freedom's the one thing  
    our darkies mos'ly dread,  
An' thet experunce, time 'n' agin, to  
    Dixie's Land hez shown  
Ther's nothin' like a powder cask fer a  
    stiddy corner-stone,  
Ain't it ez good ez nuts, when salt is  
    sellin' by the ounce  
For its own weight in Treash'ry-bons (ef  
    bought in small amounts),  
When even whisky's gittin' skurce, an'  
    sugar can't be found,

## *I HAD IT ON MY MIN*

To know that all the elements o' luxury  
abound?

An don't it glorify ~~sal~~ pork to come to  
understand

It's wut the Richmon editors call fatness  
o' the land?

Nax' thing to knowin you're well off is  
~~not~~ to know when y' ain't

An ef Jeff says all's goin wal who'll  
ventur t' say it ain't?

This cairn the Constitooshun roun ez  
Jeff does in his hat

Is hendier a drestle sight an comes more  
kin o' pat.

I tell ye wut my jedgment is you're  
pooty sure to fail

Ez long z the head keeps turnin back  
for counsel to the tail

Th advantages of our consarn for bein  
prompt air gret,

While 'long o Congress you can't strike,  
'f you git an iron het

They bother roun with argoolin an  
var'ous sorts o foolin

To make sure ef it's leg'lly hot, and all  
the while it's coolin

So s t when you come to strike it ain't  
no gret to wish ye f'y on

*"I HAD IT ON MY MIN"*

An' hurts the hammer 'z much or more  
ez wut it doos the iron  
Jeff don't allow no jawin'-sprees for three  
months at a stretch,  
Knowin' the ears long speeches suits air  
mostly made to metch,  
He jes' ropes in your tonguey chaps an'  
reg'lar ten-inch bores,  
An' lets 'em play at Congress, ef they'll  
du it with closed doors,  
So they ain't no more bothersome than  
ef we'd took an' sunk 'em,  
An' yit enj'y th' exclusive right to one  
another's Buncombe  
'Thout doin' nobody no hurt, an' 'thout its  
costin' nothin',  
Their pay bein' jes' Confedrit funds, they  
findin' keep an' clothin',  
They taste the sweets o' public life, an'  
plan their little jobs,  
An' suck the Treash'ry (no gret harm,  
for it's ez dry ez cobs),  
An' go thru all the motions jest ez safe  
ez in a prison,  
An' hev their business to themselves, while  
Buregard hez hisn  
Ez long 'z he gives the Hessians fits,  
committees can't make bother  
'Bout whether 't's done the legle way or  
whether 't's done the t'other

' I HAD IT ON MY MIN'

An I tell *you* you've got to larn that  
War ain't one long teeter  
Betwixt *I* ~~was~~ to an *Twant de* do-  
batin like a skeetur  
Afore he lights—all is to give the other  
side a millin  
An arter that's done, th aint no reak  
but wut the lor'll be willin  
No metter wut the guv'ment is ez nigh  
ez I can hit it  
A lickin's constitootshunal pervidin It  
don't git it.  
Jeff don't stan dilly-dallyin afore he takes  
a fort  
(With no one in) to git the leave o the  
nex' Soopreme Court  
Nor don't want forty 'leven weeks o  
jawlin an expoundin  
To prove a nigger hez a right to save him  
ef he's drowndin  
Whereas ole Abram'd sink afore he'd let  
a darkie boost him  
Ef Taney shouldn't come along an hedn't  
interdooced him.  
It ain't your twenty millions thet'll ever  
block Jeff's game,  
But one Man thet wun't let em jog jest  
ez he's takin aim  
Your numbers they may strengthen ye  
or weaken ye, ez t heppens



*"I HAD IT ON MY MIN"*

They're willin' to be helpin' hands or  
wuss'n-nothin' cap'ns

I've chose my side, an' 'tain't no odds ef I  
wuz drawed with magnets,  
Or ef I thought it prudenter to jine the  
nighes' bagnets,  
I've made my ch'ice, an' ciphared out, from  
all I see an' heard,  
Th' ole Constitooshun never'd git her  
decks for action cleared,  
Long 'z you elect for Congressmen poor  
shotes thet want to go  
Coz they can't seem to git their grub no  
otherways than so,  
An' let your bes' men stay to home coz  
they wun't show ez talkers,  
Nor can't be hired to fool ye an' sof'-soap  
ye at a caucus,—  
Long 'z ye set by Rotashun more'n ye do  
by folks's merits,  
Ez though experunce thriv by change o'  
sile, like corn an' kerrits,—  
Long 'z you allow a critter's "claims" coz,  
spite o' shoves an' tippins,  
He's kep' his private pan jest where 'twould  
ketch mos' public drippins,—  
Long 'z A.'ll turn tu an' grin' B 's exe, ef  
B 'll help him grin' hisn

## I HAD IT ON MY MIN "

(An thet's the main idee by which your  
leadin men hev risen) —  
Long 'x you let any ex be groun 'less  
'tis to cut the weasan  
O sneaks thet dunno till they re told wut  
is an wut aint Trenson —  
Long z ye give out commissions to a lot  
o peddling drones  
Thet trade in whisky with their men and  
skin em to their bones, —  
Long z ye sift out "safe" canderdates  
thet no one aint nfeard on  
Cox they're so thundrin eminent for bein  
never heard on  
An haint no record ez it's called for  
folks to pick a hole in  
Ex ef it hurt a man to hev a body with  
a soul in  
An it wuz ostentashun to be showin on t  
about  
When half his feller catizens contrive to  
du without, —  
Long 'x you suppose your votes can turn  
biled kebbage into brain  
An any man thet's pop'lar's fit to drive a  
lightnin -train, —  
Long z you believe democracy means *I'm*  
*ez good ez you be*  
An thet's a feller from the ranks cant be  
a knave or booby —

“*I HAD IT ON MY MIN*”

Long 'z Congress seems purvided, like  
yer street cars an' yer 'busses,  
With ollers room for jes' one more o'  
your spiled-in-bakin' cusses,  
Dough 'thout the emptins of a soul, an'  
yit with means about 'em  
(Like essence-peddlers<sup>1</sup>) thet'll make folks  
long to be without 'em,  
Jes' heavy 'nough to turn a scale thet's  
doubtfe the wrong way,  
An' make their nat'ral arsenal o' bein'  
nasty pay,—  
Long 'z them things last (an' *I* don't see  
no gret signs of improvin'),  
I sha'n't up stakes, not hardly yit, nor  
'twouldn't pay for movin',  
For, 'fore you lick us, it'll be the long'st  
day ever *you* see  
Yourn (ez I 'spec' to be nex' spring),  
B, MARKISS O' BIG BOOSY

<sup>1</sup> A rustic euphemism for the American variety of the *Mephztis*

## Festina Lente



Once on a time there was a pool  
Fringed all about with flag leaves cool  
And spotted with cow lilies garish  
Of frogs and pouts the ancient parish.  
Alders the creaking redwings sink on  
Tussocks that house blithe Bob o' Lin  
coln

Hedged round the unassailed seclusion  
Where muskrats piled their cells Car  
thuslan

And many a moss-embroidered log  
The watering place of summer frog  
Slept and decayed with patient skill  
As watering-places sometimes will.

Now in this Abbey of Thelente  
Which realized the fairest dream  
That ever dozing bull-frog had  
Sunned on a half-sunk lily pad  
There rose a party with a mission  
To mend the polliwogs condition  
Who notified the selectmen  
To call a meeting there and then

## FESTINA LENTE

"Some kind of steps," they said, "are  
needed,

They don't come on so fast as we did  
Let's dock their tails, if that don't make  
'em

Frogs by brevet, the Old One take 'em!  
That boy, that came the other day  
To dig some flag-root down this way,  
His jack-knife left, and 'tis a sign  
That Heaven approves of our design  
'Twere wicked not to urge the step on,  
When Providence has sent the weapon "

Old croakers, deacons of the mire,  
That led the deep batrachian choir,  
*Uk' Uk' Caronk!* with bass that might  
Have left Lablache's out of sight,  
Shook nobby heads, and said, "No go!  
You'd better let 'em try to grow  
Old Doctor Time is slow, but still  
He does know how to make a pill "

But vain was all their hoarsest bass,  
Their old experience out of place,  
And spite of croaking and entreating,  
The vote was carried in marsh-meeting

"Lord knows," protest the polliwogs,  
"We're anxious to be grown-up frogs,

## *FESTINA LENTE*

But do not undertake the work  
Of Nature till she prove a shark  
'Tis not by jumps that she advances,  
But wins her way by circumstances  
Pray wait awhile until you know  
Were so contrived as not to grow  
Let Nature take her own direction  
And she'll absorb our imperfection  
You mightn't like em to appear with  
But we must have the things to steer  
with."

No " piped the party of reform  
All great results are ta'en by storm  
Fate holds her best gifts till we show  
We've strength to make her let them  
go

No more reject the Age's chrism  
Your queues are an anachronism  
No more the Future's promise mock  
But lay your tails upon the block,  
Thankful that we the means have voted  
To have you thus to frogs promoted."

The thing was done, the tails were  
cropped,  
And home each philotadpole hopped  
In faith rewarded to exult  
And wait the beautiful result.

## *FESTINA LENTE*

Too soon it came, our pool, so long  
The theme of patriot bull-frogs' song,  
Next day was reeking, fit to smother,  
With heads and tails that missed each  
other,--

Here snoutless tails, there tailless snouts,  
The only gainers were the pouts

### MORAL

From lower to the higher next,  
Not to the top, is Nature's text,  
And embryo Good, to reach full stature,  
Absorbs the Evil in its nature

# A Message of Jeff Davis in Secret Session



CONJECTURALLY REPORTED  
BY R. BULLOW

I sent you a messige my friens, t other  
day

To tell you I d nothin pertekler to say  
"Twuz the day our new nation gut kin o  
stillborn,

So twuz my pleasant dooty t acknow  
ledge the corn

An I see clearly then ef I didnt before  
Thet the ~~angur~~ in inauguration means  
*born*

I needn't tell *you* thet my messige wuz  
written

To diffuse correc notions in France an  
Gret Britten

An agin to impress on the poppylar  
mind

The comfort an wisdom o goin it  
bliss —



## A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

To say that I didn't abate not a hooter  
O' my futh in a happy in' glorious  
futur,  
Ez rich in each soshle in' p'litickle  
blessin'  
Ez them that we now hed the joy o'  
possessin',  
With a people united, an' longin' to die  
For wut *we* call their country, without  
askin' why,  
An' all the gret things we concluded to  
slope for  
Ez much within reach now ez ever—to  
hope for  
We've all o' the cllements, this very  
hour,  
Thet make up a fus'-class, self-governin'  
power  
We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag  
of this  
Ain't to be inderpendunt, why, wut on  
airth is?  
An' nothin' now henders our takin' our  
station  
Ez the freest, enlightenedest, civerlized  
nation,  
Built up on our bran'-new politickle  
thesis  
Thet a Gov'ment's fust right is to tumble  
to pieces,—

## A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

I say nothin henders our takin our  
place  
Ez the very fus-beat o the whole human  
race,  
A-spittin tobacker ez proud ez you please  
On Victory's bee carpets, or loafin at  
ease  
In the Tool'ries front-parlour discussin  
affairs  
With our heels on the backs o Napoleon's  
new chairs,  
An princes a mixin our cocktails an  
slings —  
Excep wal excep jest a very few things  
Sech ez navies an armies an wherewith  
to pay  
An gittin our sogers to run t other way  
An not be too over-pertickler in tryin  
To hunt up the very las ditches to die  
in.

Ther' are critters so base that they want  
it explained  
Jes' wut is the totle amount that we've  
gained,  
Ez ef we could mayzure stupenjious events  
By the low Yankee stanard o dollars an  
cents  
They seem to forgit, thet, sence last year  
revolved

## A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

We've succeeded in gittin' seceshed an'  
dissolved,  
An' that no one can't hope to git thru  
dissolootion  
'Thout some kin' o' strain on the best Con-  
stitootion  
Who asks for a prospec' more flettrin' an'  
bright,  
When from here clean to Texas it's all one  
free fight?  
Hain't we rescued from Seward the gret  
leadin' featur's  
That makes it wuth while to be reasonin'  
creatur's?  
Hain't we saved Habus Coppers, improved  
it in fact,  
By suspendin' the Unionists 'stid o' the  
Act?  
Ain't the laws free to all? Where on airth  
else d'ye see  
Every freeman improvin' his own rope an'  
tree?

It's ne'ssary to take a good confident tone  
With the public, but here, jest amongst  
us, I own  
Things look blacker'n thunder Ther's no  
use denyin'  
We're clean out o' money, an' 'most out  
o' lyin',—

## A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

Two things a young nation can't manage  
without  
If she wants to look well at her first coming  
out;  
For the first supplies physical strength  
while the second  
Gives a moral advantage that's hard to  
be reckoned  
For this latter I'm willing to do what I  
can  
For the former you'll have to consult on a  
plan —  
Though our *first* want (and this point I want  
your best views on)  
Is plausible paper to print I O U's on  
Some gentlemen think it would cure all  
our cankers  
In the way of finance if we exchanged  
the bankers  
And I own the proposal would square with my  
views  
If their lives weren't all that we'd left 'em  
to lose.  
Some say that more confidence might be  
inspired  
If we voted our cities and towns to be  
fired,—  
A plan that would suddenly tax our endurance  
Cuz 'twould ~~do~~ <sup>add</sup> our own bills we should get  
for the insurance

## A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

But cinders, no matter how sacred we  
think 'em,  
Mightn't strike furrin minds ez good sources  
of income,  
Nor the people, perhaps, wouldn't like the  
eclaw  
O' bein' ill turned into pytriotics by law  
Some want we should buy all the cotton  
an' burn it,  
On a pledge, when we've gut thru the  
war, to return it,—  
Then to take the proceeds an' hold *then*  
ez security  
For in issue o' bonds to be met at ma-  
turity  
With an issue o' notes to be paid in hard  
cash  
On the fus' Monday tollerin' the 'tarnal  
Allsmash  
This hez a safe air, in', once hold o' the  
gold,  
'Ud leave our vile plunderers out in the  
cold,  
An' *might* temp' John Bull, ef it warn't  
for the dip he  
Once gut from the banks o' my own  
Massissippi  
Some think we could make, by arrangin'  
the figgers,  
A hendy home-currency out of our niggers,

## A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

But it wun't du to lean much on ary tech  
staff  
For they're gittin tu current already by  
half

One gennleman says ef we lef' our loan  
out  
Where Floyd could git hold on t he'd take  
it no doubt  
But 'tain't jes the takin though t hez' a  
good look  
We mus git sunthin out on it arter it's  
took,  
An we need now more n ever with sorer  
I own,  
Thet some one another should let us a  
loan,  
Sence a soger wun't fight, on'y jee' while  
he draws his  
Pay down on the nail for the best of all  
causes  
'Thout askin to know wut the quarrel's  
about,—  
An once come to thet, why our game is  
played out.  
It's ez true ez though I shouldn't never  
hev said it,  
Thet a hitch hez took place in our system  
of credit

## A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

I swear it's all right in my speeches an'  
messiges,  
But ther's ideas afloat, ez ther' is about  
sessiges  
Folks wun't take a bond ez a basis to trade  
on,  
Without nosin' round to find out wut it's  
made on,  
An' the thought more an' more thru the  
public min' crosses  
Thet our Tresh'ry hez gut 'mos' too many  
dead hosses  
Wut's called credit, you see, is some like  
a balloon,  
Thet looks while it's up 'most ez harn-  
some 'z a moon,  
But once git a leak in't, an' wut looked  
so grand  
Caves right down in a jiffy ez flat ez your  
hand  
Now the world is a drestle mean place,  
for our sins,  
Where ther' ollus is critters about with  
long pins  
A-prickin' the globes we've blowed up with  
sech care,  
An' provin' ther's nothin' inside but bad  
air  
They're all Stuart Millses, poor-whyte trash,  
an' sneaks,

## A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

Without no more chivverly'n Choctaws or  
Creeks,  
Who think a real gentleman's promise  
to pay  
Is meant to be took in trade a ornery way  
Them fellers an I couldn never agree  
They're the nateral foes o the Southun  
Idee  
I d gladly take all of our other resks on  
me  
To be red o this low-lived politiksle con my!

Now a dastardly notion is gittin about  
That our bladder is bust an the gas oozin  
out  
An onless we can mennage in some way  
to stop it,  
Why the thing's a gone coon an we  
might ez wal drop it.  
Brag works wal at fust, but it ain't jes  
the thing  
For a stiddy inves'ment the shiners to  
bring  
An votin' we re prosp rous a hundred times  
over  
Wun't change bein starved into livin on  
clover  
Manassas done sunthin towrds drawin  
the wool



## A MESSAGE OF JEFF' DAVIS

O'er the green, anti-slavery eyes o' John  
Bull

Oh, *warn't* it a godsend, jes' when sech  
tight fixes

Wuz crowdin' us mourners, to throw double-  
sixes!

I wuz tempted to think, an' it wuzn't no  
wonder,

Ther' wuz reelly a Providence,—over or  
under,—

When, all packed for Nashville, I fust  
ascertained

From the papers up North wut a victory  
we'd gained

'Twuz the time for diffusin' correc' views  
abroad

Of our union an' strength an' relyin' on  
God,

An', fact, when I'd gut thru my fust big  
surprise,

I much ez half b'lieved in my own tallest  
lies,

An' conveyed the idee thet the whole  
Southun popperlace

Wuz Spartans all on the keen jump for  
Thermopperlies,

Thet set on the Lincolnites' bombs till they  
bust,

An' fight for the priv'lege o' dyin' the  
fust,

## A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

But Roanoke, Bufort, Millspring an the  
rest  
Of our recent starn-foremost successes out  
West  
Hain't left us a foot for our swellin to  
stand on,—  
We've showed *too much* o wut Buregard  
calls *abandon*  
For all our Thermopperlies (an it's a  
marcy  
We haint hed no more) hev ben clean  
vicy varsy  
An wut Spartans wuz lef' when the battle  
wuz done  
Wuz them that wuz too unambitious to  
run.

Oh ef we hed on y jes gut Reecognition  
Things now would ha ben in a different  
position!  
You'd ha hed all you wanted the paper  
blockade  
Smashed up into toothpicks—unlimited  
trade  
In the one thing that's needfle, till niggers  
I swow  
Hed ben thicker'n provisional shimplasters  
now —  
Quinine by the ton ginst the shakes when  
they seize ye —

## A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

Nice paper to coin into C S A specie,  
The voice of the driver'd be heerd in our  
land,  
An' the univarse scringe ef we lifted our  
hand  
Wouldn't *thet* be some like a fulfillin' the  
prophecies,  
With all the fus' fem'lies in all the fust  
offices?  
'Twuz a beautiful dream, an' all sorrer is  
idle,—  
But *ef* Lincoln *would* ha' hanged Mason  
an' Slidell!  
They ain't o' no good in Európean pellices,  
But think wut a help they'd ha' ben on  
their gallowses!  
They'd ha' felt they wuz truly fulfillin' their  
mission,  
An', oh, how dog-cheap we'd ha' gut Ree-  
cognition!

But somehow another, wutever we've tried,  
Though the the'ry's fust-rate, the facts *wun't*  
coincide  
Facts are contrary 'z mules, an' ez hard in  
the mouth,  
An' they allus hev showed a mean spite  
to the South  
Sech bein' the case, we hed best look about

## A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

For some kin o way to slip *our* necks out  
Lo s vote our las dollar ef one can be  
found

(An at any rate votin it hez a good  
sound) —

Lo s swear thet to arms all our people  
is flyin

(The critters can't read, an wun't know  
how were lyn') —

Thet Toombs is advancin to sack Cincin  
nater

With a rovin commission to pillage an  
slahter —

Thet we ve throwed to the winds all regard  
for wut s lawfle,

An gone in for sunthin promiscu sly awfle.  
Yo see, hitherto it's our own knaves an  
fools

Thet we've used (those for whetstones, an  
t'others ex tools)

An now our las chance is in puttin to  
test

The same kin o cattle up North an out  
West.

I——But Gennlemen heres a despatch  
jes' come in

Which shows thet the tides begun turnin  
agin —

Gret Cornfedrit success! C'lumbus eeva  
coated!

## *A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS*

I mus' run down an' hev the thing properly  
stated,  
An' show wut a triumph it is, an' how  
lucky  
To fin'lly git red o' thet cussed Kentucky,—  
An' how, sence Fort Donelson, winnin' the  
day  
Consists in triumphantly gittin' away

Speech of  
Honourable Pre-  
served Doe in  
Secret Caucus



I thank ye, my friends, for the warmth o  
your greetin  
Ther's few airthly blessins but wut's vau  
an fleetin  
But ef ther' is one that hain't no cracks  
an flaws,  
An is wuth goin in for its pop'lar ap-  
plause  
It sends up the sperits ez lively ez rockets,  
An I feel it—wal down to the eend o my  
pockets.  
Jes' lovin the people is Canaan in vlew  
But its Canaan paid quarterly t hev em  
love you  
It's a blessin thet's breakin out ollus in  
fresh spots  
It's a follerin Moses 'thout losin the flesh-  
pots.  
But, Gennlemen 'scuse me, I ain't sech  
a raw cus

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

Ez to go luggin' ellerkence into a caucus,—  
Thet is, into one where the call com-  
prehens  
Nut the People in person, but on'y their  
friens,  
I'm so kin' o' used to convincin' the  
masses  
Of th' edvantage o' bein' self-governin'  
asses,  
I forgut that *we're* all o' the sort thet pull  
wires  
An' arrange for the public their wants an'  
desires,  
An' thet wut we hed met for wuz jes' to  
agree  
Wut the People's opinions in futur should  
be

Now, to come to the nub, we've ben all  
disappointed,  
An' our leadin' idees are a kind o' dis-  
jinted,—  
Though, fur ez the nateral man could dis-  
cern,  
Things ough' to ha' took 'most an opper-  
site turn  
But The'ry is jes' like a train on the  
rail,  
Thet, weather or no, puts her thru without  
fail,

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

While Fac' s the ole stage thet gits  
    sloughed in the ruts,  
An hez to allow for your darned efs an  
    buts  
An so nut intendin no pers'nal reflections,  
They don't—don't nut allus, thet is—make  
    connections  
Sometimes, when it really doos seem thet  
    they'd oughter  
Combine jest ez kindly ez new rum an  
    water  
Both'll be jest ez sot in their ways ez a  
    bagnet,  
Ex otherwise-minded ez th eends of a  
    magnet  
An folks like you n me, thet aint ept  
    to be sold  
Git somehow or nother left out in the cold

I expected fore this thout no gret of a  
    row  
Jeff D would ha ben where A. Lincoln  
    is now  
With Taney to say twuz all legle an  
    fair  
An a jury o Deemocrats ready to swear  
Thet theingin o State gut throwed into  
    the ditch  
By the fault o the North in misplacin  
    tje switch.



## SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with Bu-  
chanan to nuss 'em,  
But the People they wouldn't be Mexicans,  
cuss 'em!  
Ain't the safeguards o' freedom upsot, 'z  
you may say,  
Ef the right o' rev'lution is took clean  
away?  
An' doosn't the right *primy'-fashy* in-  
clude  
The bein' entitled to nut be subdued?  
The fact is, we'd gone for the Union so  
strong,  
When Union meant South ollus right an'  
North wrong,  
Thet the People gut fooled into thinkin'  
it might  
Worry on middlin' wal with the North in  
the right  
We might ha' ben now jest ez prosp'rous  
ez France,  
Where p'litikle enterprise hez a fair chance,  
An' the People is heppy an' proud et this  
hour,  
Long ez they hev the votes, to let Nap  
hev the power,  
But *our* folks they went an' believed wut  
we'd told 'em,  
An', the flag once insulted, no mortle could  
hold 'em

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

'Twuz pervokin jest when we wuz cert'in  
to win —

An I for one, wun't trust the masses  
agin

For a people thet knows much alnt fit  
to be free

In the self-cockin back-action style o J D

I can't believe now but wut half on't is lies  
For who d thought the North wuz agoin  
to rise,

Or take the pervokin est kin of a stump  
'Thout twuz sunthin ez pressin ez Ga  
br'els las trump?

Or who d ha supposed arter seck swell  
an bluster

Bout the lick-ary-ten-on-ye fighters they d  
muster

Raised by hand on briled lightnin ez  
op'lent z you please,

In a primitive furrest o femmily trees —

Who d ha thought thet them Southuners  
ever ud show

Starns with pedlgrees to 'em like theim to  
the foe

Or when the vamosin come ever to find  
Natr'al masters in front an mean white  
folks behind?

By ginger ef I d ha known half I know  
flow

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

When I wuz to Congress, I wouldn't, I  
swow,  
Hev let 'em cair on so high-minded an'  
sarsy,  
'Thout *some* show o' wut you may call  
vicy-varsy  
To be sure, we wuz under a contrac' jes'  
then  
To be drefle forbearin' towards Southun  
men,  
We hed to go sheers in preservin' the  
bellance  
An' ez they seemed to feel they wuz wastin'  
their tellents  
'Thout some un to kick, 'twarn't more'n  
proper, you know,  
Each should funnish his part, an' sence  
they found the toe,  
An' we wuzn't cherubs—wal, we found the  
buffer,  
For fear thet the Compromise System  
should suffer

I wun't say the plan hedn't onpleasant  
featur,—  
For men are perverse an' onreasonin'  
creatur,  
An' forgit thet in this life 'tain't likely to  
heppen

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

Their own privit fancy should ollus be  
cappen —  
But it worked Jest ez smooth ez the key  
of a safe,  
An the gret Union bearins played free  
from all chafe.  
They warn't hard to suit, ef they hed their  
own way  
An we (thet is some on us) made the  
thing pay  
Twuz a fair give an take out of Uncle  
Sam's heap  
Ef they took wut warn't theern wut we  
give come ez cheap  
The elect gut the offices down to tide-  
waiter  
The people took skinnun ez mild ez a  
tater  
Seemed to choose who they wanted tu  
footed the bills  
An felt kind o z though they wuz havin  
their wills  
Which kep em ez harmless an cherfle  
ez crickets,  
While all we invested wuz names on the  
tickets  
Wal ther's nothin for folks fond o lib'ral  
consumption  
Free o charge like democ'acy tempered  
w'ith gumption!

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

Now warn't that a system wuth pains in  
presarvin',  
Where the people found jints an' their  
friens done the carvin',—  
Where the many done all o' their thinkin'  
by proxy,  
An' were proud on't ez long ez 'twuz  
christened Democ'cy,—  
Where the few let us sap all o' Freedom's  
foundations,  
Ef you call it reformin' with prudence  
an' patience,  
An' were willin' Jeff's snake-egg should  
hetch with the rest,  
Ef you writ "Constitootional" over the  
nest?  
But it's all out o' kilter ('twuz too good  
to last),  
An' all jes' by J D's perceedin' too fast,  
Ef he'd on'y hung on for a month or two  
more,  
We'd ha' gut things fixed nicer'n they  
hed ben before  
Afore he drawed off an' lef' all in confusion,  
We wuz safely entrenched in the ole Con-  
stitootion,  
With an outlyin', heavy-gun, casemated  
fort  
To rake all assailants,—I mean th' S J  
Court.

## *SPEECH IN SECRET GAUCUS*

Now I never'll acknowledge (nut ef you  
should skin me)

'Twuz wise to abandon sech works to  
the in my

An let him fin out that wut scared him  
so long

Our whole line of argyments lookin so  
strong

All our Scriptur' an law every the ry an  
fac'

Wuz Quaker-guns daubed with Pro-slavery  
black.

Why ef the Republicans ever should git  
Andy Johnson or some one to lend em  
the wit

An the spunk jes' to mount Constitution  
an Court

With Columbiad guns, your real ekle  
rights sort,

Or drill out the spike from the ole Declara-  
tion

That can Kerry a solid shot clearn roun  
creation

We d better take maysures for shettin up  
shop

An put off our stock by a vendoo or swop

But they wun't never dare tu you'll see  
f em in Edom

## SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

'Fore they ventur to go where their  
doctrines 'ud lead 'em  
They've ben takin' our princerples up ez  
we dropt 'em,  
An' thought it wuz terrible 'cute to adopt  
'em,  
But they'll fin' out 'fore long thet their  
hope's ben deceivin' 'em,  
An' thet princerples ain't o' no good, ef  
you b'lieve in 'em,  
It makes 'em tu stiff for a party to  
use,  
Where they'd ough' to be easy 'z an ole  
pair o' shoes  
If *we* say'n our pletform thet all men are  
brothers,  
We don't mean thet some folks ain't more  
so'n some others,  
An' it's wal understood thet we make a  
selection,  
An' thet brotherhood kin' o' subsides arter  
'lection  
The fust thing for sound politicians to  
larn is,  
Thet Truth, to dror kindly in all sorts o'  
harness,  
Mus' be kep' in the abstract,—for, come  
to apply it,  
You're ept to hurt some folks's interists  
by it.

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

Wal these are Republicans (some on em)  
ects  
Ex though ginerol maxims ud suit spesble  
facts  
An theres where we'll nick em, theres  
where they'll be lost  
For applyin your princerples wut makes  
it cost  
An folks dont want Fourth o July t'  
interfere  
With the business consarns o the rest o  
the year  
No more n they want Sunday to pry an  
to peek  
Into wut they are doin the rest o the  
week.

A ginooine statesman should be on his  
guard,  
Ef he ~~want~~ hev beliefs nut to b'lieve em  
tu hard  
For ex sure ex he does, he'll be blartin'  
em out  
Thout regardin the natur o man more n  
a spout,  
Nor it dont ask much gumption to pick  
out a flaw  
In a party whose leaders are loose in the  
jaw



## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

An' so in our own case I ventur to hint  
Thet we'd better nut air our perceedin's  
in print,  
Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez your  
arm  
Thet may, ez things heppen to turn, du  
us harm,  
For when you've done all your real meanin'  
to smother,  
The darned things'll up an' mean sunthin'  
or 'nother  
Jeff'son prob'ly meant wal with his "born  
free an' ekle",  
But it's turned out a real crooked stick  
in the sekle,  
It's taken full eighty-odd year—don't you  
see?—  
From the pop'lar belief to root out thet  
idee,  
An', arter all, suckers on 't keep buddin'  
forth  
In the nat'lly onprincipled mind o' the  
North  
No, never say nothin' without you're com-  
pelled tu,  
An' then don't say nothin' thet you can  
be held tu,  
Nor don't leave no friction-idees layin'  
loose  
For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary use

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

You know I m a feller that keeps a skinned  
eye  
On the leetle events that go skurryin  
by  
Coz it's ofner by them than by gret ones  
you'll see  
Wut the p'littick weather is likely to be.  
Now I don't think the South's more'n  
begun to be licked,  
But I *do* think, ez Jeff says, the wind-bag's  
gut pricked  
It'll blow for a spell an keep puffin an  
wheezin  
The tighter our army an navy keep  
squeezin —  
For they can't help spread-eaglein long &  
ther's a mouth  
To blow Enfield's Speaker thru lef' at the  
South.  
But it's high time for us to be settin our  
faces  
Towards reconstructin the national basis  
With an eye to beginnin agin on the jolly  
ticks  
We used to chalk up 'hind the backdoor  
o politics  
An the sus thing's to save wut of Slav'ry  
ther's lef'  
Arter this (I mus call it) imprudence o  
f Jeff

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

For a real good Abuse, with its roots fur  
an' wide,  
Is the kin' o' thing *I* like to hev on my  
side,  
A Scriptur name makes it ez sweet ez  
a rose,  
An' it's tougher the older an' uglier it  
grows—  
(I ain't speakin' now o' the righteousness  
of it,  
But the p'htickle purchase it gives, an'  
the profit)

Things look pooty squally, it must be  
allowed,  
An' I don't see much signs of a bow in  
the cloud  
Ther's too many Deemocrats—leaders,  
wut's wuss—  
Thet go for the Union 'thout carin' a cuss  
Ef it helps ary party thet ever wuz heard  
on,  
So our eagle ain't made a split Austrian  
bird on  
But ther's still some consarvative signs  
to be found  
Thet shows the gret heart o' the People  
is sound  
(Excuse me for usin' a stump phrase ag'in,

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

But, once in the way on t they *will* stick  
like sin)  
There's Phillips for instance hez jes  
ketch'd a Tartar  
In the Law n-Order Party of ole Cin-  
cinnater  
An the Compromise System ain't gone  
out o reach  
Long 'z you keep the right limits on  
freedom o speech.  
'Twarn't none too late neither to put  
on the gag  
For he's dangerous now he goes in for  
the flag  
Nut that I altogether approve o bad  
eggs  
They're mos gin'ly argymunt on its las  
legs,—  
An their logic is ept to be tu indis-  
criminate  
Nor dont ollus want the right objects to  
'timate  
But there is a variety on em, you'll  
find  
Jest ez usef'le an more, besides bein  
refined —  
I mean o the sort that are laid by the  
dictionary  
Sech ez sophisms an cant that'll kerry  
pconviction ary

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

Way thet you want to the right class o'  
men,  
An' are staler than all 't ever come from  
a hen  
"Disunion" done wal till our resh Southun  
friends  
Took the savour all out on't for national  
ends,  
But I guess "Abolition" 'll work a spell  
yit,  
When the war's done, an' so will "Forgive-  
an'-forgit"  
Times mus' be pooty thoroughly out o  
all jint,  
Ef we can't make a good constitootional  
pint,  
An' the good time'll come to be grindin'  
our eyes,  
When the war goes to seed in the nettle  
o' texes  
Ef Jon'than don't squirm, with sech helps  
to assist him,  
I give up my faith in the free-suffrage  
system,  
Democ'cy wun't be nut a mite interestin',  
Nor p'ltikle capital much wuth investin',  
An' my notion is, to keep dark an' lay  
low  
Till we see the right minute to put in  
our blow

## *SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS*

But I've talked longer now'n I hed any  
  idee,  
An ther's others you want to hear mor'n  
  you du me  
So I'll set down an give thet ere bottle  
  a skrummage,  
For I ve spoke till I m dry ez a real graven  
  image.

## Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line



Once git a smell o' musk into a draw,  
An' it clings hold like precerdents in law  
Your gran'ma'am put it there,—when,  
    goodness knows,—

To jes' this-worldify her Sunday clo'es,  
But the old chist wun't sarve her gran'son's  
    wife

(For, 'thout new funnitoor, wut good in  
    life?),

An' so ole clawfoot, from the precinks  
    dread

O' the spare chamber, slinks into the shed,  
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last sub-  
    sides

To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides,  
But better days stick fast in heart an'  
    husk,

An' all you keep in't gits a scent o' musk

Jes' so w'ith poets wut they've airly read  
Gits kind o' worked into their heart an'  
    head,

## SUNTHIN' PASTORAL

So s 't they can't seem to write but jest  
on sheers

With furrin countries or played-out ideers  
Nor hev a feelin ef it doosn't smack

O wut some critter chose to feel 'way  
back

This makes em talk o daisies larks,  
an things,

Ex though wed nothin here thet blows  
an sings

(Why I'd give more for one live bobolink  
Than a square mile o larks in printer's  
ink) —

This makes em think our fust o May  
is May

Which 'tain't for all the almanicks can  
say

O little city gals don't never go it  
Blind on the word o noospaper or poet!  
They're apt to puff an May-day seldom  
looks

Up in the country ex it doos in books  
They're no more like than hornets nests  
an hives,

Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.

I with my trousers perched on cowhide  
boots,

Tuggin my foundered feet out by the roots,  
Hev sgen ye come to fling on April's hearse



## *SUNTHIN' IN THE*

Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,  
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to  
choose,  
An' dance your throats sore in morocker  
shoes  
I've seen ye, an' felt proud, thet, come  
wut would,  
Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardi-  
hood  
Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o'  
winch,  
Ez though 'twuz sunthin' paid for by the  
inch,  
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,  
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to du,  
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,  
Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to  
find  
Some blooms thet make the season suit  
the mind,  
An' seem to metch the doubtin' bluebird's  
notes,—  
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,  
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you  
oncurl,  
Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl,—  
But these are jes' Spring's pickets, sure  
ez sin,

## PASTORAL LINE

The rebbles frosts'll try to drive em in  
For half our May's so awfully like Mayn't,  
'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint  
Though I own up I like our back'ard  
springs

Thet kind o' haggie with their greens an  
things

An when you most give up 'ithout more  
words

Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves,  
an birds

Thet's Northun natur slow an apt to  
doubt,

But when it *does* git stirred ther's no  
gin-out!

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin in  
tall trees,

An settlin things in windy Congresses —  
Queer politicians, though for I'll be  
skinned

Ef all on em don't head aginst the wind.  
Fore long the trees begin to show belief —  
The maple crimsons to a coral reef

Then saffern swarms swing off from all  
the willers

So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,  
Then grey hoesches nuts leetle hands un  
fold

Softer'n a baby's be at three days old

## *SUNTHIN' IN THE*

Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick, he  
knows

Thet arter this ther's only blossom-snows,  
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,  
He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house

Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag  
behind,

Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up  
her mind,

An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh  
their dams

Heaped up with ice thet dovetails in an'  
jams,

A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole  
cleft,

Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right  
an' left,

Then all the waters bow themselves an'  
come,

Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin'  
foam,

Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune

An' gives one leap from April into June

Then all comes crowdin' in, afore you  
think,

Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods  
with pink,

The catbird in the laylock bush is loud,

The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud,

## III PASTORAL LINE

Red cedars blossom tu though few folks  
 know it  
 An look all dipt in sunshine like a poet  
 The lline trees pile their solid stacks o  
 shade  
 An drows'y simmer with the bees sweet  
 trade  
 In ellum-shrouds the flashin hangbird  
 clings  
 An for the summer vy'ge his hammock  
 slings  
 All down the loose walled lanes in archin  
 bowers  
 The barbry droops its strings o golden  
 flowers  
 Whose shrinkin hearts the school gals  
 love to try  
 With pins—they'll worry yourn so, boys,  
 bimeby!  
 But I don't love your cat'logue style—do  
 you?—  
 Ez ef to sell off Natur by vendoo  
 One word with blood in t s twice ez good  
 ez two  
 'Nuff sed! June s bridesman, poet o the  
 year  
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here  
 Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings  
 Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin  
 wings,

## *SUNTHIN' IN THE*

Or, givin' way to't in a mock despair,  
Runs down, a brook. o' laughter, thru  
the air

I ollus feel the sap start in my veins  
In Spring, with curus heats an' prickly  
pains,

Thet drive me, when I git a chance, to  
walk

Off by myself to hev a privit talk  
With a queer critter thet can't seem to  
'gree

Along o' me like most folks,—Mister Me  
Ther's times when I'm unsoshle ez a stone,  
An' sort o' suffocate to be alone,—  
I'm crowded jes' to think thet folks are  
nigh,

An' can't bear nothin' closer than the  
sky,

Now the wind's full ez shifty in the mind  
Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't blind,  
An' sometimes, in the fairest sou'-west  
weather,

My innard vane pints east for weeks to-  
gether,

My natur gits all goose-flesh, an' my sins  
Come drizzlin' on my conscience sharp ez  
pins

Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o' sight  
An' take it out in a fair stan'-up fight

## PASTORAL LINE

With the one cuss I can't lay on the  
shelf  
The crook'dest stick in all the heap —  
Myself.

'Twuz so lax Sabbath arter meetin'-time  
Findin' my feelin's wouldn't no ways rhyme  
With nobody's but off the handle flew  
An' took things from an east wind pint  
o' view  
I started off to lose me in the hills  
Where the pines be, up back o' 'Slah's  
Mills  
Pines, ef you're blue, are the best friends  
I know  
They mope an' sigh an' sheer your feelin's  
so —  
They heah the ground beneath so tu I  
swan  
You half forgot you've got a body on

Ther's a small school us there where four  
roads meet,  
The doorsteps hollered out by little feet,  
An' side-posts carved with names whose  
owners grew  
To gret men, some on em an' deacons, tu  
'Taint used no longer coz the town hez  
gut

## SUNTHIN' IN THE

A high-school, where they teach the Lord  
knows wut  
Three-story larnin' 's pop'lar now, I guess  
We thri' ez wal on jes' two stories less,  
For it strikes me ther's sech a thing ez  
sinnin'  
By overloadin' children's underpinnin'  
Wal, here it wuz I larned my A B C,  
An' it's a kind o' favourite spot with me  
We're curus critters      Now ain't jes' the  
minute  
Thet ever fits us easy while we're in it,  
Long ez 'twuz futur, 'twould be perfect  
bliss,—  
Soon ez it's past, *thet* time's wuth ten o'  
this,  
An' yit there ain't a man thet need be told  
Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs o'  
gold  
A knee-high lad, I used to plot an' plan  
An' think 'twuz life's cap-sheaf to be a  
man,  
Now, gittin' grey, ther's nothin' I enjoy  
Like dreamin' back along into a boy  
So the ole school'us' is a place I choose  
Afore all others, ef I want to muse,  
I set down where I used to set, an' git  
My boyhood back, an' better things with  
it,—

## PASTORAL LIME

Faith Hope, an sunthin ef it isn't  
Cherrity  
It's want o guile an thet's ez gret a  
rerrity —  
While Fancy's cushin free to Prince and  
Clown  
Makes the hard bench ez soft ez milk  
weed-down

Now 'fore I knowed thet Sabbath arter  
noon  
Thet I sot out to tramp myself in tune,  
I found me in the school us on my seat  
Drummin the march to No-wheres with  
my feet.  
Thinkin o nothin I ve heerd ole folks say  
Is a hard kind o dooty in its way  
It's thinkin everythin you ever know  
Or ever hearn to make your feelin's blue.  
I sot there tryin thet on for a spell  
I thought o the Rebellion then o Hell  
Which some folks tell ye now is jest a  
matterfor  
(A thery praps, it wunt *feel* none the  
better for)  
I thought o Reconstruction wut we d win  
Patchin our patent self-blow-up agin  
I thought ef this ere millen o the wits  
So much a month warn't givin Natur  
fits,—



## *SUNTHIN' IN THE*

Ef folks warn't druv, findin' their own milk  
fail,

To work the cow thet he'z an iron tail,  
An' ef idees 'thout ripenin' in the pan  
Would send up cream to humour ary man  
From this to thet I let my worryin' creep,  
Till finally I must ha' fell asleep

Our lives in sleep are some like streams  
thet glide

'Twixt flesh an' sperrit boundin' on each  
side,

Where both shores' shadders kind o' mix  
an' mingle

In sunthin' thet ain't jes' like either single,  
An' when you cast off moorin's from To-  
day,

An' down towards To-morrer drift away,  
The imiges thet tingle on the stream  
Make a new upside-down'ard world o'  
dream

Sometimes they seem like sunrise-streaks  
an' warnin's

O' wut'll be in Heaven on Sabbath mor-  
nin's,

An', mixed right in ez ef jest out o' spite,  
Sunthin' thet says your supper ain't gone  
right

I'm gret on dreams, an' often, when I  
wake,

## *PASTORAL LINE*

I've lived so much it makes my memory  
ache,  
An can't skurce take a cat-nap in my cheer  
Thout hevin em some good, some bad  
all queer

Now I wuz settin where I'd ben it seemed,  
An ain't sure yit whether I rally dreamed  
Nor ef I did how long I might ha slep  
When I hearn some un stompin up the  
step

An lookin round, ef two an two make  
four

I see a Pilgrim Father in the door  
He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots an spurs  
With rowels to em big ez chesnut burrs  
An his gret sword behind him sloped  
away

Long z a man's speech thet dunno wut  
to say —

Ef your name's Biglow an your given  
name

Hosee," sez he, it's arter you I came  
I'm your gret-granther multiplied by  
three." —

My wut?" sez I — Your gret-gret-gret "  
sez he

You wouldn't ha never ben here but  
for me.

Two hundred an three year ago this May

## *SUNTHIN' IN THE*

The ship I come in sailed up Boston Bay,  
I'd ben a cunnle in our Civil War,—  
But wut on airth hev *you* gut up one for?  
Coz we du things in England, 'tain't for  
you

To git a notion you can du 'em tu  
I'm told you write in public prints ef  
true,

It's nateral you should know a thing or  
two"—

"Thet air's an argymunt I can't en-  
dorse,—

'Twould prove, coz you wear spurs, you  
kep' a horse,

For brains," sez I, "wutever you may  
think,

Ain't boun' to cash the draf's o' pen-an'-  
ink,—

Though mos' folks write ez ef they hoped  
jes' quickenin'

The churn would argoo skim milk into  
thickenin',

But skim milk ain't a thing to change  
its view

O' wut it's meant for more'n a smoky  
flue

But du pray tell me, 'fore we furder go,  
How in all Natur did you come to know  
'Bout our affairs," sez I, "in Kingdom-  
Come?"—

## PASTORAL LIFE

Wal I worked round at point tapp o  
some

An danced th' valley till th' r l p' wuz  
poor

In hopes o' larnin' wut wuz goin' on "

Sez he "but in jurn' it's so like all plit

That I concluded it wuz best to quit

But come now if you want conso' to  
knowin'

You're som' conjecture how the things  
again "—

"Granther" sez I "a van wazn't never  
known

Nor asked to hev a jod'm nt of it "—

An' yit, ef 'twas put rusty in the j'm

It's safe to tru' it'll say en certin' pint

It knows the wind's opinions to a T

An' the wind settles wut the weather'll  
be "—

I never thought a scion of our stock

Could grow the wood to mak' a weath' r  
cock

When I wuz younger n' you skur'd more n'  
a shaver

No airthly wind " sez he "could make  
me waver!"

(Ez he said this he clenched his jaw an'  
forehead

Hitchin' his belt to bring his sword hilt  
foward.)—

## SUNTHIN' IN THE

"Jes' so it wuz with me," sez I, "I swow,  
When *I* wuz younger'n wut you see me  
now,—

Nothin' from Adam's fall to Huldy's  
bonnet,

Thet I warn't full-cocked with my jedg-  
ment on it,

But now I'm gittin' on in life, I find  
It's a sight harder to make up my mind,—  
Nor I don't often try tu, when events  
Will du it for me free of all expense  
The moral question's ollus plain enough,—  
It's jes' the human-natur side thet's tough,  
Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle me or  
you,—

The pinch comes in decidin' wut to *du*  
Ef you *read* History, all runs smooth ez  
grease,

Coz there the men ain't nothin' more'n  
idees,—

But come to *make* it, ez we must to-  
day,

Th' idees hev arms an' legs an' stop the  
way

It's easy fixin' things in facts an' figgers,—  
They can't resist, nor warn't brought up  
with niggers,

But come to try your the'ry on,—why, then  
Your facts an' figgers change to ign'ant  
men

## PASTORAL LINE

Actin ez ugly—" Smite em hip an  
thigh!"  
Sez granther and let every man-child  
die!  
Oh for three weeks o Crommle an the  
Lord!  
Up Israel to your tents an grind the  
sword!"—  
Thet kind o thing worked wal in ole  
Judee,  
But you forgit how long it's ben A.D  
You think thet's ellerkence,—I call it  
shoddy  
A thing "sez I wunt cover soul nor  
body  
I like the plain all-wool o common sense  
Thet warms ye now an will a twelve  
month hence.  
You took to follerin where the Prophets  
beckoned  
An fust you knowed on back come  
Charles the Second  
Now wut I want's to hev all ~~se~~ gain stick  
An not to start Millennium too quick  
We hain't to punish only but to keep  
An the cure's gut to go a cent ry deep —  
Wal milk-an water aint the best o  
glue"  
Sez he an so you'll find afore you're  
thru

## *SUNTHIN', IN THE*

Ef reshness venters sunthin', shilly-shally  
Loses ez often wut's ten times the vally  
Thet exe of ourn, when Charles's neck  
gut split,

Opened a gap thet ain't bridged over yit  
Slav'ry's your Charles, the Lord hez gin  
the exe——"

"Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut eight  
million necks

The hardest question ain't the black man's  
right,

The trouble is to 'mancipate the white,  
One's chained in body an' can be sot free,  
But t'other's chained in soul to an idee  
It's a long job, but we shall worry thru  
it,

Ef bagnets fail, the spellin'-book must du  
it."—

"Hosee," sez he, "I think you're goin'  
to fail

The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in the tail,  
This 'ere rebellion's nothin' but the rattle,—  
You'll stomp on thet an' think you've won  
the bettle,

It's Slavery thet's the fangs an' thinkin'  
head,

An' ef you want selvation, cresh it dead,—  
An' cresh it suddin, or you'll larn by waitin'  
Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to de-  
batin'!"—

## PASTORAL LINE

God's truth!" sez I — an ef I held the  
club

An knowed jes' where to strike — but  
there's the rub!"—

Strike soon " sez he, or you'll be deadly  
sillin —

Folks that's afeared to fall are sure o  
fallin ;

God hates your sneakin creturs that be-  
lieve

He'll settle things they run away an leave!"

He brought his foot down fercely ez he  
spoke,

An give me sech a startle that I woke.



## Latest Views of Mr. Biglow



Ef I a song or two could make,  
Like rockets druv by their own burnin',  
All leap an' light, to leave a wake  
Men's hearts an' faces skyward turnin'!—  
But, it strikes me, 'tain't jest the time  
Fer stringin' words with settisfaction  
Wut's wanted now's the silent rhyme  
'Twixt upright Will an' downright Ac-  
tion

Words, ef you keep 'em, pay their keep,  
But gabble's the short cut to ruin,  
It's gratis (gals half-price), but cheap  
At no rate, ef it henders doin',  
Ther's nothin' wuss, 'less 'tis to set  
A martyr-prem'um upon jawrin'  
Teapots git dangerous, ef you shet  
Their lids down on 'em with Fort Warren

'Bout long enough it's ben discussed  
Who sot the magazine afire,

## MR BIGLOW

An whether ef Bob Wickliffe bust,  
    'Twould scare us more or blow us higher  
D ye spose the Gret Foreseer's plan  
    Wuz settled fer him in town-meetin' ?  
Or thet ther'd ben no Fall o' Man  
    Ef Adam d on y bat a sweetin' ?

Oh, Jon than, ef you want to be  
    A rugged chap agin an hearty  
Go fer wutever'll hurt Jeff D  
    Nut wut'll boost up ary party  
Here a hell broke loose, an we lay flat  
    With half the univarse a-singin  
Till Senator This an Gov'nor Thet  
    Stop squabblin fer the garding-in.

It's war were in, not politics  
    It's systems wrastlin now not parties  
An victory in the eend'll fix  
    Where longest will an truest heart is.  
An wut's the Guv'ment folks about?  
    Tryin to hope ther's nothin doin  
An look ex though they didn't doubt  
    Sunthin pertickler wuz a-brewin

Ther's critters yit thet talk an act  
    Fer wut they call Conciliation  
They'd hand a buff'lo-drove a tract  
    When they wuz madder than all Bashan.

## LATEST VIEWS OF

Conciliate? it jest means *be licked*,  
No metter how they phrase an' tone it,  
It means that we're to set down licked,  
Thet we're poor shotes an' glad to own  
it!

A war on tick's ez dear 'z the deuce,  
But it wun't leave no lastin' traces,  
Ez 'twould to make a sneakin' truce  
Without no moral specie-basis  
Ef greenbacks ain't nut jest the cheese,  
I guess ther's evils thet's extremer,—  
Fer instance,—shinplaster idees  
Like them put out by Gov'nor Seymour

Last year, the Nation, at a word,  
When tremblin' Freedom cried to shield  
her,  
Flamed weldin' into one keen sword  
Waitin' an' longin' fer a wielder  
A splendid flash!—but how'd the grasp  
With sech a chance ez thet wuz tally?  
Ther' warn't no meanin' in our clasp,—  
Half this, half thet, all shilly-shally

More men? More Man! It's there we  
fail,  
Weak plans grow weaker yit by length-  
enin'

\ MR BIGLOW \

Wut use in addin to the tail  
When it's the head's in need o' strength-  
enin'?

We wanted one thet felt all Chief  
From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin  
Square-set with thousan-ton belief  
In hum an us, ef earth went rockin'!

Ole Hick'ry wouldn't ha' stood see-saw  
Bout doin' things till they wuz done  
with —

Hed smashed the tables o' the Law  
In time o' need to load his gun with  
He couldn't see but jest one side —  
Ef his, twuz God's, an thet wuz plenty  
An so his *Forrards!* multiplied  
An army's fightin' weight by twenty

But this ere histin' creak, creak, creak,  
Your cappen's heart up with a derrick,  
This tryin' to coax a lightnin'-streak  
Out of a half-discouraged hay rick  
This hangin' on mont' arter mont'  
Fer one sharp purpose mongat the  
twitter —

I tell ye it does land o' stunt  
The peth an' sperit of a critter

In six months where'll the People be  
Ef leaders look on revolution

## LATEST VIEWS OF

Ez though it wuz a cup o' tea,—  
Jest social el'ments in solution?  
This weighin' things doos wal enough  
When war cools down, an' comes to  
writin',  
But while it's makin', the true stuff  
Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'

Democ'acy gives every man  
The right to be his own oppressor,  
But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,  
Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser  
I tell ye one thing we might larn  
From them smart critters, the Seceders,—  
Ef bein' right's the fust consarn,  
The 'fore-the-fust's cast-iron leaders

But 'pears to me I see some signs  
Thet we're agoin' to use our senses  
Jeff druv us into these hard lines,  
An' ough' to bear his half th' expenses,  
Slavery's Secession's heart an' will,  
South, North, East, West, where'er you  
find it,  
An' ef it drors in the War's mill,  
D'ye say them thunder-stones sha'n't  
grind it?

D'ye spose, ef Jeff giv *him* a lick,  
Ole Hick'ry'd tried his head to sof'n

1, MR BIGLOW

So s' twouldn't hurt that ebony stick  
That's made our side see stars so of n?  
No! he'd ha thundered on your  
knees  
An own one flag one road to glory!  
Soft heartedness, in times like these  
Shows softness in the upper story!"

An why should we kick up a muss  
About the Pres'dunt's proclamation?  
It ain't agoin to librate us,  
Ef we don't like emancipation  
The right to be a cussed fool  
Is safe from all devices human  
It's common (ex a gin'l rule)  
To every critter born o woman.

So we're all right, an I fer one,  
Don't think our cause'll lose in vally  
By rammin Scriptur in our gun  
An gittin Natur fer an ally  
Thank God, say I fer even a plan  
To lift one human bein's level  
Give one more chance to make a man,  
Or anyhow to spile a devil!

Not that I'm one that much expect  
Millennium by express to-morrer  
They ~~will~~ miscarry—I rec'lec  
Tu many on em, to my sorer

## *LATEST VIEWS OF*

Men ain't made angels in a day,  
No matter how you mould an' labour  
'em,—

Nor 'riginal ones, I guess, don't stay  
With Abe so of'n ez with Abraham

The'ry thinks Fact a pooty thing,  
An' wants the banns read right  
ensuin',

But Fact wun't noways wear the ring  
'Thout years o' settin' up an' woin',  
Though, arter all, Time's dial-plate  
Marks cent'ries with the minute-finger,  
An' Good can't never come tu late,  
Though it doos seem tu try an' linger

An' come wut will, I think it's grand  
Abe's gut his will et last bloom-  
furnaced

In trial-flames till it'll stand  
The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest  
Thet's wut we want,—we want to know  
The folks on our side hez the bravery  
To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,  
In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery

Set the two forces foot to foot,  
An' every man knows who'll be winner,  
Whose faith in God hez ary root  
Thet goes down deeper than his dinner

*MR BIGLOW*

*Then* twill be felt from pole to pole  
Without no need o' proclamation  
Earth's biggest Country's got her soul  
An' risen up Earth's Greatest Nation!



# Kettelopotomachia

P Ovidii Nasonis carmen heroicum macaronicum  
perplexametrum, inter Getas getico more compostum,  
denuo per medium ardentispirituallem, adjuvante  
mensâ diabolice obsessâ, recuperatum, curâque Jo  
Conradi Schwarzii umbræ, aliis necnon plurimis  
adjuvantibus, restitutum

## LIBER I

Punctorum garretos colens et cellara Quin-  
que,  
Gutteribus quae et gaudes sundayan  
abstingere frontem,  
Plerumque insidos solita fluitare liquore  
Tanglepedem quem homines appellant Di  
quoque rotgut,  
Pimpludis, rubicundaque, Musa, O bour-  
bonolensque, 5  
Fenianas rixas procul, alma, brogipo-  
tentis  
Patricii cyathos iterantis et horrida bella,  
Backos dum virides viridis Brigitta re-  
mittit,  
Linquens, eximios celebrem, da, Virgini-  
enses

# 3 *KETTELOPOTOMACHIA*

Rowdes, praecipue et Tæ, heros alte  
 Polardel 10

Insignes juvenesque, illo certamine lictos  
 Colemanæ, Tylere, nec vos oblivione re-  
 linquam.

Ampla aquilæ invictas fausto est sub teg-  
 mine terra,

Backyfer oolakeo pollens ebenoque  
 bipode

Socors praesidium et altrix (denique quid-  
 ruminantium) 15

Duplefveorum uberrima illis et integre  
 cordi est

Deplere assidue et sine proprio incommodo  
 fiscum

Nunc etiam placidum hoc opus invictique  
 secuti,

Goosam aureos nî eggos voluissent immo  
 nocare

Quas peperit, saltem ac de illis mellora  
 merentem. 20

Condidit hanc Smithius Dux, Captinus  
 inclytus ille

Regis Ulyssæe instar docti arcum inten-  
 dere longum

Condidit ille Johnsmith Virginiamque  
 vocavit,

Settledit autem Jacobus rex, nomine  
 primus,

## *KETTELOPOTOMACHIA*

Rascalis implens ruptis, blagardisque  
deboshtis, 25

Militibusque ex Falstaffi legione fugatis  
Wenchisque illi quas poterant seducere  
nuptas

Virgineum, ah, littus matronis talibus  
impar!

Progeniem stirpe ex hoc non sine stig-  
mate ducunt

Multi sese qui jactant regum esse  
nepotes 30

Haud omnes, Mater, genitos quae nuper  
habebas

Bello fortes, consilio cautos, virtute decoros,  
Jamque et habes, sparso si patrio in san-  
guine virtus,

Mostrabisque iterum, antiquis sub astris  
reducta!

De illis qui upkikitant, dicebam, rumpora  
tanta, 35

Letcheris et Floydis magnisque Extra-  
ordine Billis,

Est his prisca fides jurare et breakere  
wordum,

Poppere fellerum a tergo, aut stickere  
clam bowiknifo,

Haud sane facinus, dignum sed victrice  
lauro,

Larrupere et nigerum, factum praestantius  
ullo 40

## KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Ast chlamydem picaplumatam Icariam  
filio et ineptam  
Yanko gratis induere, illum et valido  
rallo  
Insuper acri equitare docere est hospicio  
util.  
Nescio an ille Polardus duplesveoribus  
ortus,  
Sed reputo potius de radice poorwiteman-  
orum 45  
Fortuiti proles, ni fallor Tylerus erat  
Praesidis, omnibus ab Whiggis nominatus  
a poor cuss  
Et nobilem tertium evincit venerabile no-  
men  
Ast animosi omnes bellique ad tympana  
ha! ha!  
Vociferant laeti procul et si proelia sive go  
Hostem incautum atq; ito posant shootero  
salvi  
Imperique capaces esset si stylus  
agmen  
Pro dulci spoliabant et sine dangere  
fito,  
Prae ceterisque Polardus si Seceasia  
licta,  
Se nunquam licturum jurat res et un  
heardof 55  
Verbo haesit similisque audaci roosteri  
invicto

## KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Dunghilli solitus rex pullos whoppere  
molles,

Grantum, hirelingos stripes quique et  
splendida tollunt

Sidera, et Yankos, territum et omnem  
sarsuit orbem

Usque dabant operam isti omnes, noctes-  
que diesque, 60

Samuelem demulgere avunculum, id vero  
siccum,

Uberibus sed ejus, et horum est culpa,  
remotis,

Parvam domi vaccam, nec mora minima,  
quaerunt,

Lacticarentem autem et droppam vix in die  
dantem,

Reddite avunculi, et exclamabant, reddite  
pappam! 65

Polko ut consule, gemens, Billy immur-  
murat, Extra,

Echo respondit, thesauro ex vacuo, pap-  
pam!

Frustra explorant pocketa, ruber nare re-  
pertum,

Officia expulsi aspiciunt rapta, et Para-  
disum

Occlusum, viridesque haud illis nascere  
backos, 70

Stupent tunc oculis madidis spittantque  
silenter

# KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Adhibere usu ast longo vires prorsus  
inepti  
Si non ut qui grindeat axo trabemve  
revolvat

Virginiam excruciant totus nunc mightibu  
matrem  
Non melius, puta, nono panis dimidiumne  
est?

Readere ibi non posse est casus com-  
moner ullo  
Tanto intentius imprimere est opus ergo  
statuta

Nemo propterea peior melior sine doubt  
Obtineat qui contractum si et postea rhino  
Ergo Polardus, si quis inexcuperabilis  
heros,

Colemanus impavidus nondum atque in  
purpure natus  
Tylerus Iohannes celerisque in flito  
Nathaniel

Quisque optans digitos in tantum stickero  
pium  
Adstant accincti imprimere aut perumpere  
leges

Quales os miserum rabidi tres negro  
molossi  
Quales aut dubium textum atra in veste  
ministri

Tales circumstabant nunc nostri inopes hoc  
Job

## KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Hisque Polardus voce canoro talia  
fatus  
Primum autem, veluti est mos, praeceps  
quisque liquorat,  
Quisque et Nicotianum ingens quid inserit  
atrum, 90  
Heroûm nitidum decus et solamen avi-  
tum,  
Masticat ac simul altisonans, spittatque  
profuse  
Quis de Virginia meruit praestantius  
unquam?  
Quis se pro patria curavit impigre tutum?  
Speechisque articulisque hominum quis  
fortior ullus, 95  
Ingeminans pennae lickos et vulnera vocis?  
Quisnam putidius (hic) sarsuit Yankini-  
micos,  
Saepius aut dedit ultro datam et broke  
his parolam?  
Mente inquassatus solidâque, tyranno  
minante,  
Horrisonis (hic) bombis moenia et alta  
quatente, 100  
Sese promptum (hic) jactans Yankos  
lickere centum,  
Atque ad lastum invictus non surrendidit  
unquam?  
Ergo haud meddlite, posco, mique relin-  
quite (hic) hoc job,

# ÆTTELOPOTOMACHIA

Si non — knifumque enormem monstrat  
spittatque tremendus.

Dixerat ast plii reliquorant et alne  
pauso } 105

Pluggos incumbunt maxillis, uterque  
vicissim

Certamine innocuo valde madidam inquit  
nat assem

Tylerus autem dumque liquorat aridus  
hostis

Mirum aspicit duplumque bibentem as-  
tante Lyaco

Ardens impavidusque edidit tamen impia  
verba 110

Duplum quamvis te aspicio, esses atque  
viginti

Mendacem dicerem totumque (hic) thrash-  
erem acervum

Nempe et thrasham doggonatus (hic) sim  
nisi faxem

Lambastabo omnes catawompositer (hic)  
que chawam!

Dixit et impulsus Ryeo ruitur bene-  
titus, 115

Illi nam gravidum caput et laterem habet  
in hatto.

Hunc inhiat titubansque Polardus optat  
et illum

Stickero inermem protegit autem rite  
Lyaeus,



## KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Et pronos geminos, oculis dubitantibus,  
heros

Cernit et irritus hostes, dumque excogitat  
utrum

120

Primum inpitchere, corrui, inter utrosque  
recumbit,

Magno asino similis nimio sub pondere  
quassus

Colemanus hos moestus, triste ruminans-  
que solamen,

Inspicit hiccans, circumspittat terque  
cubantes,

Funereisque his ritibus humidis inde  
solutis,

125

Sternitur, invalidusque illis superincidit  
infans,

Hos sepelit somnus et snorunt cornison-  
antes,

Watchmanus inscios ast calybooso deinde  
reponit.

Mr Hosea Biglow  
to the Editor of the  
Atlantic Monthly

Dear Sir — Your letter come to han  
Requestin me to please be funny  
But I ain't made upon a plan  
That knows wut's comin gall or honey  
Ther's times the world does look so queer  
Odd fancies come afore I call em  
An then agin for half a year  
No preacher 'thout a call's more solemn.

You're n want o sunthin light an cute  
Rattlin an shrowd an kin o jingleish  
An wiah pervidin it ould suit,  
I'd take an citify my English,  
I ~~ken~~ write long-tailed, ef I please, —  
But when I'm jokin no, I thankee  
Then fore I know it, my idee  
Run helter skelter into Yankee.

Sence I begun to scribble rhyme  
I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin  
The parson's books life, death an time  
Hev took some trouble with my schoolin

## TO THE EDITOR

Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,  
Thet love her 'z though she wuz a  
woman,

Why, th' ain't a bird up <sup>in</sup> the tree  
But half forgives my bein' human

An' yit I love th' unhighschool'd way  
Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger,  
Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stav,  
While book-froth seems to whet your  
hunger,

For puttin' in a downright lick  
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther's few can  
metch it,

An' then it helves my thoughts ez slick  
Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hetchet

But when I can't, I can't, thet's all,  
For Natur won't put up with gullin',  
Idees you hev to shove an' haul

Like a druv pig ain't wuth a mullein  
Live thoughts ain't sent for, thru all rifts

O' sense they pour an' resh ye onwards,  
Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts

Feel thet th' old airth's a-wheelin' sun-  
wards

Time wuz, the rhymes come crowdin'  
thick

Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,

## TO THE EDITOR

An Into any place could stick  
Without no bowler nor objection  
But ~~since~~ the } ar my thoughts hang  
back  
Ex though I wanted to enlist em  
An substitutes —they don't never lack,  
But then they'll slope afore you've mist  
em.

Nothin don't seem like wut it wuz  
I can't see wut there is to hinder  
An yit my brains jes go buzz buzz  
Like bumblebees agin a winder  
Fore these times come in all airth's  
rou  
Ther wuz one quiet place my head n,  
Where I could hids an think,—but now  
It's all one teeter hopin dreading

Where's Pence? I start some clear-blown  
nigh  
When gaunt stone walls grow numb an  
number  
An creakin cross the snow-crus white,  
Walk the col starlight into summer  
Up grows the moon an swell by swell  
Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer  
Than the last smile thet strives to tell  
O love gone heavenward in its shim-  
mer

I hev ben gladder o' sech things  
Than cocks o' spring er bees o' clover,  
They filled my heart wif livin' springs,  
But now they seem to freeze 'em over,  
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,  
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastured cattle,  
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me  
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle

Indoors an' out by spells I try,  
Ma'am Natur keeps her spin-wheel  
goin',  
But leaves my natur stiff and dry  
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin',  
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,  
Calmer'n a clock, an' never carin',  
An' findin' nary thing to blame,  
Is wuss than ef she took to swearin'

Snowflakes come whisperin' on the pane,  
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,  
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n',  
With Grant or Sherman ollers present,  
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,  
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flap-  
pin'  
Like a shot hawk, but all's ez stale  
To me ez so much sperit-rappin' ,

## TO THE EDITOR

Under the yaller pines I house,  
When sunshing makes em all sweet  
scented  
An hear among } heir furry boughs  
The baskin west wind purr contented,  
While 'way overhead ez sweet an low  
Ex distant bells thet ring for meetin  
The wedged wil geese their bugles blow  
Further an further South retreatin

Or up the slippery knob I strain  
An soo a hundred hills like islands  
Lift their blue woods in broken chain  
Out o the sea o snowy silence  
The farm smokes, sweetes' sight on earth  
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin  
Seem kin o sad an roun the hearth  
Of empty places set me thinkin

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin snows  
An rattles diamonds from his granite  
Time wuz, he snatched away my prose  
An into psalms or satires ran it  
But he nor all the rest thet once  
Started my blood to country dances  
Can't set me goin more n a dunce  
Thet hain't no use for dreams an  
fancies.

## TO THE EDITOR

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street

I hear the drummers makin' riot,  
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet

Thet follered once an' now are quiet,—  
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,

Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,  
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,  
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?

Didn't I love to see 'em growin',  
Three likely lads ez wal could be,  
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?  
I set an' look into the blaze

Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps  
climbin',  
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,  
An' half despise myself for rhymin'

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth

On War's red techstone rang true metal,  
Who ventered life an' love an' youth

For the gret prize o' death in battle?  
To him who, deadly hurt, agen

Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,  
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men

Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,  
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,

## TO THE EDITOR

Leavin' life's paupers dry as dust  
To try an make believe fill their places  
Nothin' but tell us wut we miss  
Ther's gaps our lives can't never say in  
An *that* world seems so fur from this  
Lef' for us loafers to grow grey in!

My eyes cloud up for rain my mouth  
Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners  
I pity mothers, tu' down South  
For all they sot among the scorners  
I'd sooner take my chance to stan  
At Judgment where your meanest slave  
Is,  
Than at God's bar hol' up a han  
Ex drippin' red as yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come Peace! not like a mourner bowed  
For honour lost an' dear ones wasted  
But proud to meet a people proud  
With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted!  
Come with han grippin' on the hilt  
An' step thet proves ye Victory's daughter!  
Longin' for you our sperits wilt  
Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for  
water

Come while our country feels th' lift  
Of a gret instinct shoutin' "Forwards!"



## *TO THE EDITOR*

An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift  
Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards'  
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when  
They kissed their cros with lips thet  
quivered,  
An' bring fair wages for brave men,  
A nation saved, a race delivered'

1

Mr Hosea Big  
low's Speech in  
March Meeting

I don't much s'pose hows ever I should  
plan it,  
I could git boosted into th House or  
Sennit,—  
Nur while the two-legged gab-mach nes  
so plenty  
Nablin one man to du the talk o twenty  
I'm one o them thet finds it ruther hard  
To mannyfactur wisdom by the yard  
An mayseure off accordin to demand  
The piece-goods el'kence that I keep on  
hand,  
The same ole pattern runnin thru an thru  
An nothin but the customer thet's new  
I sometimes think the furdur on I go  
Thet it gits harder to feel sure I know  
An when I've settled my ideoes I find  
'Twarn't I shoered most in makin up my  
mind  
'Twuz this an thet an t other thung thet  
done it,

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Sunthin' in th' air, I couldn' seek nor  
shun it

Mos' folks go off so quick now in dis-  
cussion,

All th' ole flint locks seems altered to per-  
cussion,

Whilst I in agin' sometimes git a hint  
Thet I'm percussion changin' back to flint,  
Wal, ef it's so, I ain't agoin' to werrit,  
For th' ole Queen's-arm hez this pertickler  
merit,—

It gives the mind a hahnsome wedth o'  
margin

To kin' o' make its will afore dischargin',  
I can't make out but jest one ginnle rule,—  
No man need go an' *make* himself a fool,  
Nor jedgment ain't like mutton, thet can't  
bear

Cookin' tu long, nor be took up tu rare

Ez I wuz say'n', I hain't no chance to  
speak

So's 't all the country dreads me onct a  
week,

But I've consid'ble o' thet sort o' head  
Thet sets to home an' thinks wut *might*  
be said,

The sense thet grows an' werrits under-  
neath,

Comin' belated like your wisdom-teeth,

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

An git so el'kent sometimes, to my gardin  
Thet I don vally public life a fardin  
Our Parson Wilbur (blessin s on his head!)  
Mongst other stories of ole times he  
hed

Talked of a feller thet rehearsed his spreads  
Beforehan to his rows o kebbige-heads  
(Ef twarnt Demossenes, I guess twuz  
Slaro)

Appealin fust to thet an then to this  
row

Accordin ez he thought thet his kides  
Their diff'runt cv'riges o brains ould  
please

An "sez the Parson to hit right you  
must

Git used to maysturin your hearers fust  
For take my word for't when all's come  
an past

The kebbige-heads'll calr the day et last  
Th alnt ben a meetin sence the worl  
begun

But they made (raw or billed ones) ten to  
one."

I've allus foun em I allow sence then  
About ez good for talkin tu ez men  
They'll take edvice like other folks to  
keep

(To use it ould be holdin on t tu cheep)

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

They listen wal, don' kick up when you  
scold 'em,  
An' ef they've tongues, ~~if~~ <sup>if</sup> sense enough  
to hold 'em,  
Though th' ain't no denger we shall lose  
the breed,  
I gin'lly keep a score or so for seed,  
An' when my sappiness gits spry in spring,  
So's 't my tongue itches to run on full  
swing,  
I fin' 'em ready-planted in March meetin',  
Warm ez a lyceum audience in their  
greetin',  
An' pleased to hear my spoutin' frum the  
fence,—  
Comin', ez't doos, entirely free 'f expense  
This year I made the follerin' observations  
Extrump'ry, like most other tri's o'  
patience,  
An', no reporters bein' sent express  
To work their abstracs up into a mess,  
Ez like th' oridg'nal ez a woodcut pictur  
Thet chokes the life out like a boy-con-  
strictor,  
I've writ 'em out, an' so rvide all jeal'sies  
'Twixt nonsense o' my own an' some one's  
else's

(NB —Reporters gin'lly git a hint  
To make dull orjunces seem 'live in print,

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

An ez I hev t report myself I vum  
I'll put th applauses where they'd ought  
to come')

MY FELLER KERRIGE-HEADS who look so  
green

I vow to gracious thet if I could dreem  
The world of all its hearers but jest you,  
'Twould leave 'bout all tha is wuth talkin  
to

An you, my venable ol friends, thet show  
Upon your crowns a sprinklin o March  
snow

Ez ef mild Time had christened every  
sense

For wisdom's church o second innocence  
Nut Ages winter no no sech a thing  
But jest a kin o slippin-back o spring —  
[Sev'ril noses blowed.]

We've gathered here, ez ushle, to decide  
Which is the Lords an which is Satan's  
side,

Cox all the good or evil thet can heppen  
Is 'long o which on em you choose for  
Cappen. [Cries o 'Thet's so!']

Aprils come back the swellin buds of  
oak

Dim the fur hillsides with a purplish  
smoke

## MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

The brooks are loose, an', singing to be  
seen  
(Like gals), make all the {nollers soft an'  
green,  
The birds are here, for all the season's  
late,  
They take the sun's height an'. don' never  
wait,  
Soon 'z he officially declares it's spring  
Their light hearts lift 'em on a north'ard  
wing,  
An' th' ain't an acre, fur ez you can hear,  
Can't by the music tell the time o' year,  
But thet white dove Carliny scared away,  
Five year ago, jes' sech an April day,  
Peace, thet we hoped 'ould come an' build  
last year  
An' coo by every housedoor, isn't here,—  
No, nor wun't never be, for all our jaw,  
Till we're ez brave in pol'tics ez in war!  
O Lord, ef folks wuz made so's 't they  
could see  
The begnet-pint there is to an idee!  
[Sensation]  
Ten times the danger in 'em th' is in  
steel,  
They run your soul thru an' you never  
feel,  
But crawl about an' seem to think you're  
livin',

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Poor shells o men nut wuth the Lords  
    forgivin  
Till you come blint agin a real live sect  
An go to pieces when you d ough to ect!  
Thet kin o begnet's wut we re crossin now  
An no man fit to nevvigate a scow  
Ould stan expectin help from Kingdom  
    Come,  
While t'other side druv their cold iron  
    home.

My friens you never gethered from my  
    mouth  
No nut one word agin the South ez  
    South  
Nor th aint a livin man, white brown  
    nor black,  
Gladder'n wut I should be to take em  
    back  
But all I ask of Uncle Sam is fust  
To write up on his door No goods on  
    trust"

[Cries of Thet's the ticket!"]  
Give us cash down in ekle laws for all  
An they'll be snug inside afore nex fall  
Give wut they ask, an we shell hev  
    Jamaker  
Wuth minus some consid'able an acre  
Give wut they need an we shell git fore  
    long



## MR 'HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

A nation all one piece, rich, peacefle,  
strong,  
Make 'em Amerikin, an' they'll begin  
To love their country c' they loved their  
sin,  
Let 'em stay Southun, an' you've kep' a  
sore  
Ready to fester ez it done afore  
No mortle man can boast of perfic vision,  
But the one moleblin' thing is Indecision,  
An' th' ain't no futur for the man nor state  
Thet out of j-u-s-t can't spell great  
Some folks 'ould call thet reddikle, do  
you?  
'Twuz commonsense afore the war wuz  
thru,  
Thet loaded all our guns an' made 'em  
speak  
So's 't Europe heard 'em clearn acrost the  
creek,  
"They're drivin' o' their spiles down now,"  
sez she,  
"To the hard grennit o' God's fust idee,  
Ef they reach thet, Democ'cy needn't fear  
The tallest airthquakes *we* can git up  
here "  
Some call 't insultin' to ask *any* pledge,  
An' say 'twill only set their teeth on edge,  
But folks you've jest licked, fur 'z I ever  
see,

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Are 'bout ez mad & they wud know how  
to be  
It's better than } the Rebs themselves ex-  
pected  
Fore they see Uncle Sam wilt down hen-  
pected  
Be land & you please but fustly make  
things fast  
For plain Truth's all the kindness thet'll  
last  
Ef treason is a crime ez *some* folks say  
How could we punish it a milder way  
Than sayin to em Brethren lookee  
here,  
We'll jes' divide things with ye sheer an  
sheer  
An sence both come o pooty strong-backed  
daddies  
You take the Darkies, ez we've took the  
Paddies  
Ignant an poor we took em by the hand  
An they're the bones an sinners o the  
land."  
I aint o them thet fancy there's a loss on  
Every inves'ment thet don't start from  
Bos on  
But I know this our money's safest  
trusted  
In sunthin come wut will thet *can't* be  
busted,

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

An' thet's the old Amerikin idce,  
To make a man a Man an' let him be  
Ez for their l'yalty, don't } [Gret applause]  
But I do want to block their only road to't  
By lettin' 'em believe thet they can git  
Mor'n wut they lost, out of our little wit  
I tell ye wut, I'm 'fraid we'll drif' to lee-  
ward  
'Thout we can put more stiffenin' into  
Seward,  
He seems to think Columby'd better ect  
Like a scared widder with a boy stiff-  
necked  
Thet stomps an' swears he wun't come  
in to supper,  
She mus' set up for him, ez weak ez  
Tupper,  
Keepin' the Constitootion on to warm,  
Tell he'll eccept her 'pologies in form,  
The neighbours tell her he's a cross-grained  
cuss  
Thet needs a hidin' 'fore he comes to wuss,  
"No," sez Ma Seward, "he's ez good 'z  
the best,  
All he wants now is sugar plums an' rest,"  
"He sarsed my Pa," sez one, "He stoned  
my son,"  
Another edds "Oh, wal, 'twuz jes' his  
fun "

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

He tried to shoot our Uncle Samwell  
dead."

'Twuz only tryin' a noo gun he hed.

Wal all we asks to hev it understood  
You'll take his gun away from him for  
good

We dont wal nut exac'ly like his play  
Seem he allus kin o shoots our way  
You kill your fatted calves to no good  
end,

'Thout his fust sayin Mother I hev  
sinned! "

[ Amen!" from Deac n Greenleaf ]

The Presdunt he thinks that the slickest  
plan

Ould be t allow that he s our on'y man  
An that we fit thru all thet drestle war  
Jes for his private glory an ecleor

Nobody ain't a Union man," sez he

'Thout he agrees thru thick an thin  
with me

Warn't Andrew Jackson's initials jes ille  
mine?

An ain't thet sunthin like a right divine  
To cut up ex kentenkerous ex I please  
An trent your Congress like a nest o  
fleas?"

Wal I expec the People wouldn care if

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

The question now wuz techin' bank or  
tariff,

But I conclude they've 'bout made up their  
min'

This ain't the fittest time to go it blin',  
Nor these ain't metters thet with pol'tics  
swings,

But goes 'way down amongst the roots  
o' things,

Coz Sumner talked o' whitewashin' one day  
They wun't let four years' war be throwed  
away

"Let the South hev her rights?" They  
say, "Thet's you!"

But nut greb hold of other folks's tu "  
Who owns this country, is it they or Andy?  
Leastways it ough' to be the People *and*  
he,

Let him be senior pardner, ef he's so,  
But let them kin' o' smuggle in ez Co

[Laughter]

Did he diskiver it? Consid'ble numbers  
Think thet the job wuz taken by Colum-  
bus

Did he set tu an' make it wut it is?  
Ef so, I guess the One-Man-power *hes* riz  
Did he put thru the rebbles, clear the  
docket,

An' pay th' expenses out of his own  
pocket?

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Ef that's the case, then everythin I axes  
Is t' hev him come an pay my ennooal  
taxes. } [Profoun sensation]  
Was't he that shouldered all them million  
guns? }

Did he lose all the fathers brothers, sons?  
Is this ere pop'lar gov'ment that we run  
A kan o sulky made to kerry one?  
An is the country goin to knuckle down  
To hev Smith sort their letters sid o  
Brown?

Who wuz the 'Nited States fore Richmon  
fell?

Wuz the South needfle their full name to  
spell?

An cant we spell it in that shorthan  
way

Till th underpinnin a settled so s to stay?  
Who cares for the Resolves of '61

Thet tried to coax an airthquake with a  
bun?

Hex act'ly nothin taken place sence then  
To larn folks they must hendle facts like  
men?

Ain't ~~this~~ the true p'int? Did the Rebs  
accep em?

Ef nut, whose fault is't that we hev'n't  
kep em?

Warn't there ~~two~~ sides? an dont it stand  
to reason

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Thet this week's 'Nited States ain't las'  
week's treason?

When all these sums is done, with nothin'  
missed,

An' nut afore, this schood'll be dismissed

I knowed ez wal ez though I'd seen't with  
eyes

Thet when the war wuz over copper'd rise,  
An' thet we'd hev a rile-up in our kettle  
'Twould need Leviathan's whole skin to  
settle

I thought 'twould take about a generation  
'Fore we could wal begin to be a nation,  
But I allow I never did imagine  
'Twould be our Pres'dunt thet 'ould drive  
a wedge in

To keep the split from closin' ef it could,  
An' healin' over with new wholesome wood,  
For th' ain't no chance o' healin' while  
they think

Thet law an' gov'ment's only printer's ink,  
I mus' confess I thank him for discoverin'  
The curus way in which the States are  
sovereign,

They ain't nut *quite* enough so to rebel,  
But when they fin' it's costly to raise h—,  
[A groan from Deac'n G]

Why, then, for jes' the same superl'tive  
reason,

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

They're most too much so to be tetch'd  
for treason

They *can't* go *but*, but ef they somehow  
*do*

Their sovereignty don't nowadays go out  
*tu*

The State goes out the sovereignty don't  
stir

But stays to keep the door ajar for her  
He thinks secession never took em out,  
An mebbey he's correc but I misdoubt  
Ef they warn't out then why n the  
name o sin

Make all this row 'bout lettin' of em in?  
In law p'r'aps nut but there's a diff'rence  
ruther

Betwixt your mother n-law an real mother  
[Derisive cheers.]

An I for one shall wish they'd all been  
*some eyes*

Long's U S texes are sech reg'lar comers.  
But, O my patience! must we wriggle  
back

Into th ole crooked, pettyfoggin track  
When our artillery wheels a road hev cut  
Stret to our purpose ef we keep the rut?  
War's jes dead waste excep to wipe the  
slate

Clean for the cyph'rin of some nobler fate  
[Applause]



## MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Ez for dependin' on their oaths an' thet,  
'Twun't bind 'em more'n the ribbin roun'  
my het,

I heared a fable once from Othniel Starns,  
That pints it slick ez weathercocks do  
barns

Onct on a time the wolves hed certing  
rights

Inside the fold, they used to sleep there  
nights

An', bein' cousins o' the dogs, they took  
Their turns et watchin', reg'lar ez a book,  
But somehow, when the dogs hed gut  
asleep,

Their love o' mutton beat their love o'  
sheep,

Till gradilly the shepherds come to see  
Things warn't agoin' ez they'd ough' to  
be,

So they sent off a deacon to remonstrate  
Along 'th the wolves an' urge 'em to go  
on straight,

They didn' seem to set much by the deacon,  
Nor preachin' didn' cow 'em, nut to speak  
on,

Fin'ly they swore thet they'd go out an'  
stay,

An' hev their fill o' mutton every day,  
Then dogs an' shepherds, after much hard  
dammin', [Groan from Deac'n G]

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Turned tu an give em a tormented  
lammin  
An sez, Ye s<sup>d</sup>an't go out the murrain  
rot ye,  
To keep us wastin half our time to watch  
ye!"  
But then the question come How live  
together  
"Thout losin sleep nor nary yew nor  
wether?  
Now there wuz some dogs (noways wuth  
their keep)  
Thet sheered their cousins tastes an  
sheered the sheep  
They sez Be gin rous, let em swear right  
in,  
An ef they backslide let em swear  
agin  
Jes' let em put on sheep-skins whilst they're  
swearin  
To ask for more ould be beyond all  
bearin "  
Be gin rous for yourselves where yow re  
to pay  
Thet's the best practice," sez a shepherd  
grey  
Ex for their oaths they wunt be wuth  
a button  
Long z you don't cure em o their taste  
for mutton;

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Th' ain't but one solid way, howe'er you  
puzzle

Tell they're converted, let 'em wear a  
muzzle " [Cries of "Bully for you!"]  
(

I've noticed that each half-baked scheme's  
abettors

Are in the hebbit o' producin' letters  
Writ by all sorts o' never-heard-on fellers,  
'Bout ez oridge'nal ez the wind in bellers,  
I've noticed, tu, it's the quack med'cine  
gits

(An' needs) the grettest heaps o' stiffy kits,  
[Two pothekeries goes out ]

Now, sence I lef' off creepin' on all-fours,  
I hain't ast no man to endorse my course,  
It's full ez cheap to be your own endorser,  
An' ef I've made a cup, I'll fin' the saucer,  
But I've some letters here from t'other side,  
An' them's the sort thet helps me to decide,  
Tell me for wut the copper-comp'nies  
hanker,

An' I'll tell you jest where it's safe to  
anchor [Faint hiss ]

Fus'ly the Hon'ble B O Sawin writes  
Thet for a spell he couldn' sleep o' nights,  
Puzzln' which side wuz preudentest to  
pin to,

Which wuz th' ole homestead, which the  
temp'ry leanto,

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Et fust he jedged twould right side-up his  
pan

To come out ez a ridgenal Union man

But now " he sez, I ain't nut quite so  
fresk

The winnin horse is goin to be Secesh

You might las spring hev eas'ly walked  
the course,

Fore we contrived to doctor th Union  
horse

Now we're the ones to walk aroun the  
nex track

Jes you take hold an read the follerin  
extrac

Out of a letter I received last week

From an ole frien thet never sprung a  
leak,

A Nothun Democrat o th ole Jarsey blue

Born copper-sheathed an copper fastened  
tu."

These four years past it hex ben tough  
To say which side a feller went for  
Guideposts all gone roads muddy an  
rough

An nothin durn wut twuz meant for  
Pickets a-firin left an right,

Both sides a lettin rip et sight —

Life warn't wuth hardly payin rent for

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

“Columby gut her back up so,  
It warn't no use a-tryin' to stop her,—  
War's emptin's riled her very dough  
An' made it rise an' act improper,  
'Twuz full ez much ez I could du  
To jes' lay low an' worry thru,  
'Thout hevin' to sell out my copper

“Afore the war your mod'rit men  
Could set an' sun 'em on the fences,  
Cyph'rin' the chances up, an' then  
Jump off which way bes' paid expenses,  
Sence, 'twuz so resky ary way,  
I didn't hardly darst to say  
I 'greed with Paley's Evidences  
[Groan from Deac'n G]

“Ask Mac ef tryin' to set the fence  
Warn't like bein' rid upon a rail on't,  
Headin' your party with a sense  
O' bein' tipjint in the tail on't,  
And tryin' to think thet, on the whole,  
You kin' o' quasi your own soul  
When Belmont's gut a bill o' sale on't?  
[Three cheers for Grant and Sherman]

“Come peace, I sposed thet folks 'ould like  
Their pol'tics done agin by proxy,  
Give their noo loves the bag an' strike  
A fresh trade with their reg'lar doxy,

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

But tho' drag s broke now slavery s gone  
An' there s gret risk they'll blunder on  
Ef they ain't stopped to real Democ'y

We've gut an' awful row to hoe  
In this ere job o' reconstructin  
Folks dunno skurce which way to go  
Where th' aint some boghole to be ducked  
In  
But one thing s clear there *is* a crack  
Ef we pry hard 'twixt white an' black  
Where the old makebate can be tucked in

No white man sets in airth s broad aisle  
Thet I aint willin' t' own ez brother  
An' ef he s heppened to strike ile  
I dunno fin'ly but I'd ruther  
An' Paddies long z they vote all right  
Though they ain't jest a nat'ral white  
I hold one on em good z another  
[Applause]

Wut *is* there lef' I'd like to know  
Ef 'tain't the difference o' colour  
To keep up self-respec an' show  
The human natur' of a fullah?  
Wut good in bein' white onless  
It s fixed by law nut lef' to guess,  
That we are smarter an' they duller?

## MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

"Ef we're to hev our ekle rights,  
'Twun't du to 'low no competition,  
Th' ole debt doo us for bein' whites  
Ain't safe onless we stop th' emission  
O' these noo notes, whos' specie base  
Is human natur', 'thout no trace  
O' shape, nor colour, nor condition  
[Continood applause]

"So fur I'd writ an' couldn' jedge  
Aboard wut boat I'd best take pessige,  
My brains all mincemeat, 'thout no edge  
Upon 'em more than tu a sessige,  
But now it seems ez though I see  
Sunthin' resemblin' an idee,  
Sence Johnson's speech an' veto message

"I like the speech best, I confess,  
The logic, preudence, an' good taste on't,  
An' it's so mad, I ruther guess  
There's some dependence to be placed  
on't, [Laughter]  
It's narrer, but 'twixt you an' me,  
Out o' the allies o' J D  
A temp'ry party can be based on't.

"Jes' to hold on till Johnson's thru  
An' dug his Presidential grave is,  
An' *then*!—who knows but we could slew  
The country roun' to put in—?

## MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Wun't some folks rare up when we pull  
Out o' their eyes our Union wool  
An larn em wat a p'lit'le shave is!

O did it seem, 'z ef Providence  
Could ever send a second Tyler?  
To see the South all back to once,  
Reapin the spikes o' the Freesiler  
Is cute ez though an engineer  
Should claim th old iron for his sheer  
Cox't was himself that bust the biler!"  
[Gret laughter]

That tells the story! That's wut we sh<sup>all</sup>  
git  
By tryin squirtguns on the burnin Pit  
For the day never comes when it'll du  
To kick off Dooty like a worn-out shoe.  
I seem to hear a whisperin in the air  
A sighin like, of unconsolated despair  
That comes from nowhere an from every  
where,  
An seems to say Why died we? warn't  
it, then  
To settle, once for all thet men wuz men?  
Oh alrth's sweet cup snatched from us  
barely tasted  
The grave's real chill is feelin life wuz  
wasted!  
Oh you we lef' long-fingerin et the door  
( 967 ) 257 18



## *MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH*

Lovin' you best, coz we loved Her the more,  
Thet Death, not we, had conquered, we  
should feel

Ef she upon our memory turned her heel,  
An' unregretful throwed(us all away  
To flaunt it in a Blind Man's Holiday!"

My frien's, I've talked nigh on to long  
enough

I hain't no call to bore ye coz ye're tough,  
My lungs are sound, an' our own v'ice  
delights

Our ears, but even kebbige-heads hez  
rights

It's the las' time thet I shell e'er address  
ye,

But you'll soon fin' some new tormentor  
bless ye!

[Tumult'ous applause and cries of  
"Go on!" "Don't stop!"]

## My Love

### I

Not as all other women are  
Is she that to my soul is dear  
Her glorious fancies come from far  
Beneath the silver evening-star  
And yet her heart is ever near

### II

Great feelings hath she of her own  
Which lesser souls may never know  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow

### III

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair  
No simplest duty is forgot,  
Life hath no dim and lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

# MY LOVE

## IV

She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone or despise,  
For nought that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes

## V

She hath no scorn of common things,  
And, though she seem of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings  
To tread the humble paths of earth

## VI

Blessing she is God made her so,  
And deeds of weekday holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless

## VII

She is most fair, and thereunto  
Her life doth rightly harmonize,  
Feeling or thought that was not true  
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue  
Unclouded heaven of her eyes

## MY LOVE

### VIII

She is a woman one in whom  
The springtime of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

### IX

I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might  
Which by high tower and lowly mill  
Goes wandering at its own sweet will  
And yet doth ever flow afloat.

### X

And on its full deep breast serene  
Like quiet isles my duties lie  
It flows around them and between  
And makes them fresh and fair and green,  
Sweet homes wherein to live and die

## The Street



They pass me by like shadows, crowds on  
crowds,  
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,  
Hugging their bodies round them, like thin  
shrouds  
Wherein their souls were buried long ago  
They trampled on their youth, and faith,  
and love,  
They cast their hopes of human-kind away,  
With Heaven's clear messages they madly  
strove,  
And conquered,—and their spirits turned  
to clay  
Lo! how they wander round the world,  
their grave,  
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,  
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,  
“We, only, truly live, but ye are dead”  
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may  
trace  
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

## Hunger and Cold



Sisters two all praise to you,  
With your faces pinched and blue  
To the poor man you've been true  
    From of old  
You can speak the keenest word,  
You are sure of being heard,  
From the point you're never stirred,  
    Hunger and Cold!

Let sleek statesmen temporise  
Palsied are their shifts and lies  
When they meet your bloodshot eyes,  
    Grim and bold  
Policy you set at naught,  
In their traps you'll not be caught  
You're too honest to be bought  
    Hunger and Cold!

Bolt and bar the palace door  
While the mass of men are poor  
Naked truth grows more and more  
    Uncontrolled

## *HUNGER AND COLD*

You had never yet, I guess,  
Any praise for bashfulness,  
You can visit sans court-dress,  
Hunger and Cold!

(

While the music fell and rose,  
And the dance reeled to its close,  
Where her round of costly woes  
Fashion strolled,  
I beheld with shuddering fear  
Wolves' eyes through the windows peer,  
Little dream they you are near,  
Hunger and Cold!

When the toiler's heart you clutch,  
Conscience is not valued much,  
He recks not a bloody smutch  
On his gold  
Everything to you defers,  
You are potent reasoners,  
At your whisper Treason stirs,  
Hunger and Cold!

Rude comparisons you draw,  
Words refuse to sate your maw,  
Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law  
Cannot hold  
You're not clogged with foolish pride,  
But can seize a right denied,

## HUNGER AND COLD

†

Somehow God is on your side  
Hunger and Cold!

You respect no hoary wrong  
More for having triumphed long  
Its past victims, haggard throng  
From the mould

You unbury swords and spears  
Weaker are than poor men's tears,  
Weaker than your silent years  
Hunger and Cold!

Let them guard both hall and bower  
Through the window you will glower  
Patient till your reckoning hour  
Shall be tolled

Cheeks are pale, but hands are red  
Guiltless blood may chance be shed  
But ye must and will be fed,  
Hunger and Cold!

God has plans man must not spoil  
Some were made to starve and toil  
Some to share the wine and oil  
We are told

Devil's theories are these,  
Stifling hope and love and peace,  
Framed your hideous lusts to please  
Hunger and Cold!



## *HUNGER AND COLD*

Scatter ashes on thy head,  
Tears of burning sorrow shed,  
Earth! and be by Pity led  
    To Love's fold,  
Ere they block the very door  
With lean corpses of the poor,  
And will hush for naught but gore,  
    Hunger and Cold!

## To the Dandelion      *o*      *o*

Dear common flower that growst be-  
side the way  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless  
gold  
First pledge of blithesome May  
Which children pluck, and full of pride  
uphold  
High-hearted buccaneers o'erjoyed that  
they  
An Eldorado in the grass have found  
Which not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth—thou art more dear  
to me  
Than all the prouder summer blooms  
may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish  
prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas  
Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age to rob the lover's heart of ease  
'Tis the Spring's largess which she  
scatters now

## TO THE DANDELION

To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,  
Though most hearts never understand

To take it at God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy,  
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime,  
The eyes thou givest me  
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time

Not in mid-June the golden-cuirassed  
bee  
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment

In the white lily's breezy tent,  
His fragrant Sybaris, than I when first  
From the dark green thy yellow circles  
burst

Then think I of deep shadows on the  
grass,  
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,  
Where, as the breezes pass,  
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand  
ways,  
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy  
mass,

Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue  
That from the distance sparkle through

## TO THE DANDELION

Some woodland gap and of a sky above,  
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb  
doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are  
linked with thee  
The sight of thee calls back the robin's  
song  
Who from the dark old tree  
Beside the door sang clearly all day long  
And I secure in childish piety  
Listened as if I heard an angel sing  
With news from heaven which he  
could bring  
Fresh every day to my untaunted ears,  
When birds and flowers and I were  
happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,  
When thou for all thy gold so common art!  
Thou teachest me to deem  
More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty  
gleam  
Of heaven, and could some wondrous  
secret show  
Did we but pay the love we owe,  
And with a child's undoubting wisdom  
look  
On all these living pages of God's book.

# Ode to France



FEBRUARY, 1848

## I

As, flake by flake, the beetling avalanches  
Build up their imminent crags of noise-  
less snow,  
Till some chance thrill the loosened ruin  
launches,  
And the blind havoc leaps unwarned  
below,  
So grew and gathered through the silent  
years  
The madness of a People, wrong by  
wrong  
There seemed no strength in the dumb  
toiler's tears,  
No strength in suffering, but the Past  
was strong  
The brute despair of trampled centuries  
Leaped up with one hoarse yell and  
snapped its bands,  
Groped for its right with horny, callous  
hands,

## ODE TO FRANCE

And stand around for God with heart and  
hand  
What were it if those palms were all  
too hard  
For now'd they not for it I entered  
this —  
They who thick and close were set in  
Had shivered with the lightning of the  
west  
Hear ye such the incentives and desires  
of men  
Whose churches were wet with sun  
and  
In the crooked soldier and the  
soldier  
Set wrong to balance wrong  
And phyched were well woe

### II

They did as they were taught not the  
thou  
If men who scattered for brand reaped  
the same  
They trampled Eden Eden with their savage  
feet  
And by her golden tresses drew  
Merry along the pavement of the street  
O Freedom! Freedom! in thy morning  
dew



## ODE TO FRANCE

Coarse was the hand that scrawled, and  
     red the ink  
 Rude was their scute as was unbettered  
     men —  
 Wrenched with a hardman's as upon a  
     block  
 What marvel if when came the evening  
     shock  
 'Twas we not Urania told it — n?

### II

With eye averted and an anguished frown  
 Leathingly plies the Muse through  
     scene of dust  
 Where like the heart of Vespere  
     and down  
 Throbs in its framework the still  
     muffled knife  
 Slow are the steps of freedom but her  
     feet  
 Turn never backward here no light  
     glare  
 Her light is calm and innocent and sweet  
 And where it enters there is no dispute  
 Not first on palace and cathedral floor  
 Quivers and pleams that unconquering fire  
 While they stand black against her  
     morning sky  
 The pregnant sees it leap from peak to peak  
     (2/2)                      23                      10



## ODE TO FRANCE

Along his hills, the craftsman's burning  
    eyes  
Own with cool tears its influence mother-  
    meek,  
It lights the poet's heart up like a star,  
Ah! while the tyrant deemed it still  
    afar,  
And twined with golden threads his futile  
    snare,  
That swift, convicting glow all round  
    him ran,  
'Twas close beside him there,  
Sunrise, whose Memnon is the soul of  
    man

### v

O Broker-King, is this thy wisdom's fruit?  
A dynasty plucked out as 'twere a weed  
Grown rankly in a night, that leaves  
    no seed!  
Could eighteen years strike down no deeper  
    root?  
But now thy vulture eye was turned  
    on Spain,  
A shout from Paris, and thy crown falls  
    off,  
Thy race has ceased to reign,  
And thou become a fugitive and scoff  
Slippery the feet that mount by stairs  
    of gold,

## ODE TO FRANCE

And weakest of all fences one of steel  
Go and keep school again like him of  
old

The Syracusan tyrant —thou mayst feel  
—Royal amid a burgh-swayed commonweal!

### VI

Not long can he be ruler who allows  
His time to run before him thou wast  
naught

Soon as the strip of gold about thy brows  
Was no more emblem of the People's  
thought

Vain were thy bayonets against the foe  
Thou hadst to cope with thou didst  
wage

War not with Frenchmen merely —no  
Thy strife was with the Spirit of the Age  
The invisible Spirit whose first breath  
divine

Scattered thy frail endeavour  
And like poor last year's leaves whirled  
thee and thine  
Into the Dark for ever!

### VII

Is here no triumph? Nay what though  
The yellow blood of Trade meanwhile  
should pour

## ODE TO FRANCE

Along its arteries a shrunken flow,  
And the idle canvas droop around the  
shore?

These do not make a state,  
Nor keep it great,  
I think God made

The earth for man, not trade,  
And where each humblest human creature  
Can stand, no more suspicious or afraid,  
Erect and kingly in his right of nature,  
To heaven and earth knit with harmonious  
ties,—

Where I behold the exultation  
Of manhood glowing in those eyes  
That had been dark for ages,  
Or only lit with bestial loves and rages,  
There I behold a Nation

The France which lies  
Between the Pyrenees and Rhine

Is the least part of France,  
I see her rather in the soul whose shine  
Burns through the craftsman's grimy  
countenance,

In the new energy divine  
Of Foil's enfranchised glance

### VIII

And if it be a dream,—  
If the great Future be the little Past

## ODE TO FRANCE

'Neath a new mask, which drops and  
shows at last

The same weird, mocking face to balk  
and blast,—

Yet, Muse a gladder measure suits the  
theme,

And the Tyrtæan harp

Loves notes more resolute and sharp

Throbbing as throbs the bosom hot and  
fast

Such visions are of morning

There is no vague forewarning

The dreams which nations dream come  
true,

And shape the world anew

If this be a sleep

Make it long make it deep

O Father who sendest the harvests men  
reap!

While Labour so sleepeth

His sorrow is gone

No longer he weepeth,

But smilèth and steepeth

His thoughts in the dawn

He heareth Hope yonder

Rain, lark like her fancies

His dreaming hands wander

'Mid heart's-ease and pansies

'Tis a dream! 'Tis a vision!"

• Shrieks Mammon aghast

## ODE TO FRANCE

"The day's broad dension  
Will chase it at last,  
Ye are mad, ye have taken  
A slumbering kraken  
For firm land of the Past!"  
Ah! if he awaken,  
God shield us all then,  
If this dream rudely shaken  
Shall cheat him again!

### IX

Since first I heard our North wind  
blow,  
Since first I saw Atlantic throw  
On our fierce rocks his thunderous  
snow,  
I loved thee, Freedom, as a boy  
The rattle of thy shield at Marathon  
Did with a Grecian joy  
Through all my pulses run,  
But I have learned to love thee now  
Without the helm upon thy gleaming  
brow,  
A maiden mild and undefiled  
Like her who bore the world's redeeming  
Child,  
And surely never did thine altars  
glance  
With purer fires than now in France.

## ODE TO FRANCE

While in their bright white flashes  
Wrong's shadow backward cast,  
Waves cowering o'er the ashes  
Of the dead blaspheming Past  
O'er the shapes of fallen giants  
His own unburied brood  
Whose dead hands clench defiance  
At the overpowering Good  
And down the happy future runs a flood  
Of prophesying light  
It shows an Earth no longer stained with  
blood  
Blossom and fruit where now we see  
the bud  
Of Brotherhood and Right.

## A Parable



Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see  
How the men, My brethren, believe in  
Me"

He passed not again through the gate of  
birth,  
But made Himself known to the 'children  
of earth

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and  
kings,

"Behold, now, the Giver of all good  
things,

Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state  
Him who alone is mighty and great"

With carpets of gold the ground they  
spread

Wherever the Son of Man should tread,  
And in palace chambers lofty and rare  
They lodged Him, and served Him with  
kingly fare

Great organs surged through arches dim  
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him,

## A PARABLE

And in church, and palace, and judgment hall

He saw His own image high over all

But still wherever His steps they led  
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head  
And from under the heavy foundation  
stones

The Son of Mary heard bitter groans

And in church and palace, and judgment hall,

He marked great fissures that rent the wall,

And opened wider and yet more wide  
As the living foundation heaved and  
sighed.

Have ye founded your thrones and  
altars then  
On the bodies and souls of living men?  
And think ye that building shall endure  
Which shelters the noble and crushes the  
poor?

With gates of silver and bars of gold  
Ye have fenced My sheep from their  
Father's fold  
I have heard the dropping of their tears  
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."



## A PARABLE

“O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,  
We build but as our fathers built,  
Behold Thine images, how they stand,  
Sovereign and sole, through all our land

“Our task is hard,—with sword and flame  
To hold Thine earth for ever the same,  
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep  
Still, as thou leftest them, Thy sheep ”

Then Christ sought out an artisan,  
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,  
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin  
Pushed from her faintly want and sin

*These set he in the midst of them,*  
And as they drew back their garment hem,  
For fear of defilement, “Lo, here,” said  
He,  
“The images ye have made of Me!”

To Lamartine  
1848



I did not praise thee when the crowd  
    'Witched with the moment's inspira-  
        tion,  
Vexed thy still ether with hosannas loud  
    And stamped their dusty adoration;  
I but looked upward with the rest  
And, when they shouted Greatest whis-  
        pered Best.

They raised thee not, but rose to thee  
    Their sickle wreaths about thee fling  
        ing  
So on some marble Phœbus the high sea  
    Might leave his worthless seaweed  
        clinging  
But pious hands, with reverent care  
Make the pure limbs once more sublimely  
    bare.

Now thou art thy plain grand self again  
    Thou art secure from panegyric,—  
Thou who gav'st politics an epic strain  
    And actedst Freedom's noblest lyric;

*TO LAMARTINE, 1848*

This side the Blessed Isles, no tree  
Grows green enough to make a wreath  
for thee

Nor can blame cling to thee, the snow  
From swinish footprints takes no  
staining,  
But, leaving the gross soils of earth below,  
Its spirit mounts, the skies regaining,  
And unresentful falls again,  
To beautify the world with dew and rain

The highest duty to mere man vouchsafed  
Was laid on thee,—out of wild chaos,  
When the roused popular ocean foamed  
and chafed,  
And vulture War from his Imaus  
Snuffed blood, to summon homely Peace,  
And show that only order is release

To carve thy fullest thought, what though  
Time was not granted? Aye in his-  
tory,  
Like that Dawn's face which baffled Angelo  
Left shapeless, grander for its mys-  
tery,  
Thy great Design shall stand, and day  
Flood its blind front from Orients far  
away

TO LAMARTINE 1848

Who says thy day is o'er? Control  
My heart, that bitter first emotion  
While men shall reverence the steadfast  
soul  
The heart in silent self-devotion  
Breaking the mild heroic men  
Thou'lt need no prop of marble Lamar  
tine.

If France reject thee tis not thine  
But her own exile that she utters  
Ideal France, the deathless the divine  
Will be where thy white pennon  
flutters,  
As once the nobler Athens went  
With Aristides into banishment.

No fitting meteward hath To-day  
For measuring spirits of thy stature  
Only the Future can reach up to lay  
The laurel on that lofty nature —  
Bard who with some diviner art  
Hast touched the bard's true lyre a  
nation's heart.

Swept by thy hand the gladdened chords  
Crashed now in discords fierce by  
others  
Gave forth one note beyond all skill of  
words,

*TO LAMARTINE, 1848*

And chimed together, We are brothers  
O poem unsurpassed! it ran  
All round the world, unlocking man to  
man

France is too poor to pay alone  
The service of that ample spirit,  
Paltry seem low dictatorship and throne,  
If balanced with thy simple merit,  
They had to thee been rust and loss,  
Thy aim was higher,—thou hast climbed  
a Cross!

## Aladdin

When I was a beggarly boy  
And lived in a cellar damp  
I had not a friend nor a toy  
But I had Aladdin's lamp  
When I could not sleep for the cold  
I had fire enough in my brain  
And builded with roofs of gold  
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night  
I have money and power good store  
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright  
For the one that is mine no more.  
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose  
You gave and may snatch again  
I have nothing twould pain me to lose  
For I own no more castles in Spain!

# Mahmood the Image- breaker

Old events have modern meanings, only  
that survives  
Of past history which finds kindred in all  
hearts and lives

Mahmood once, the idol-breaker, spreader  
of the Faith,  
Was at Sumnat tempted sorely, as the  
legend saith

In the great pagoda's centre, monstrous  
and abhorred,  
Granite on a throne of granite, sat the  
temple's lord

Mahmood paused a moment, silenced by  
the silent face  
That, with eyes of stone unwavering,  
awed the ancient place

Then the Brahmins knelt before him by  
his doubt made bold,  
Pledging for their idol's ransom countless  
gems and gold.

Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood but  
of precious use,  
Since from it the roots of power suck  
a potent juice.

Were you stone alone in question this  
would please me well "  
Mahmood said but, with the block  
there, I my truth must sell.

Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune  
as her wheel turns round  
He who keeps his faith he only cannot  
be disowned.

Little were a change of station loss  
of life or crown  
But the wreck were past retrieving if the  
Man fell down."

So his iron mace he lifted smote with  
might and main  
And the idol, on the pavement tumbling  
burst in twain.



## *MAHMOOD*

Luck obeys the downright striker, from  
the hollow core,  
Fifty times the Brahmins' offer deluged  
all the floor

' Ode recited '  
at the Harvard  
Commemoration,  
July 21, 1865



1

Weak winged is song  
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height  
Whither the brave deed climbs for light  
    We seem to do them wrong  
Bringing our robin's leaf to deck their  
    hearse  
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler  
    verse,  
Our trivial song to honour those who  
    come  
With ears attuned to strenuous trump  
    and drum  
And shaped in squadron strophes their  
    desire  
Live battle odes whose lines were steel  
    and fire  
    Yet sometimes feathered words are  
    strong

## ODE RECITED AT THE

A gracious memory to buoy up and save  
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common  
grave  
Of the unventurous throng

### II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes  
back

Her wisest Scholars, those who under-  
stood

The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,  
And offered their fresh lives to make it  
good

No lore of Greece or Rome,  
No science peddling with the names of  
things,

Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,  
Can lift our life with wings

Far from Death's idle gulf that for the  
many waits,

And lengthen out our dates  
With that clear fame whose memory sings  
In many hearts to come, and nerves  
them and dilates

Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us  
all'

Not such the trumpet-call  
Of thy diviner mood,  
That could thy sons entice

## HARVARD COMMEMORATION

From happy homes and toils the fruitful  
    neat  
Of those half virtues which the world  
    calls best  
    Into War's tumult rude  
    But rather far that stern device  
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle  
    stood  
    In the dim unventured wood,  
    The VERRAS that lurks beneath  
    The letter's unprolific sheath,  
Life of whate'er makes life worth living  
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,  
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath  
    the giving

### III

Many loved Truth and lavished life's  
    best oil  
    Annd the dust of books to find her  
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,  
With the cast mantle she hath left  
    behind her  
    Many in sad faith sought for her  
    Many with crossed hands sighed for  
    her  
    But these our brothers fought for  
    her  
At life's dear peril wrought for her

## ODE RECITED AT THE

So loved her that they died for her,  
Tasting the raptured fleetness  
Of her divine completeness

    Their higher instinct knew  
Those love her best who to themselves  
        are true,

And what they dare to dream of, dare  
        to do,

    They followed her and found her  
    Where all may hope to find,  
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,  
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness  
        round her

    Where faith made whole with deed  
Breathes its awakening breath  
Into the lifeless creed,  
    They saw her plumed and mailed,  
    With sweet, stern face unveiled,  
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on  
        them in death

### IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and  
        glides

Into the silent hollow of the past,

    What is there that abides

To make the next age better for the  
        last?

    Is earth too poor to give us

## HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Something to live for here that shall  
outlive us?

Some more substantial boon  
Than such as flows and ebbs with For-  
tune's fickle moon?

The little<sup>a</sup> that we see  
From doubt is never free

The little that we do  
Is but half-nobly true

With our laborious hiving  
What men call treasure and the gods call  
dross

Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving  
Only secure in every one's conniving  
A long account of nothings paid with loss,  
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen  
wires,

After our little hour of strut and rave,  
With all our pasteboard passions and  
desires

Loves hates, ambitions and immortal  
fires,

Are tossed pell mell together in the  
grave.

But stay! no age was o'er degenerate,  
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate  
For in our likeness still we shape our  
fate.

Ah there is something here  
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer

## ODE RECITED AT THE

Something that gives our feeble light  
A high immunity from Night,  
Something that leaps life's narrow bars  
To claim its birthright with the hosts of  
    heaven,  
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven  
Our earthly dulness with the beams of  
    stars,  
    And glorify our clay  
With light from fountains older than  
    the Day,  
A conscience more divine than we,  
A gladness fed with secret tears,  
A vexing, forward-reaching sense  
Of some more noble permanence,  
    A light across the sea,  
Which haunts the soul and will not  
    let it be,  
Still glimmering from the heights of un-  
    degenerate years

### V

Whither leads the path  
To ampler fates that leads?  
Not down through flowery meads,  
To reap an aftermath  
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,  
But up the steep, amid the wrath  
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,

## HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Where the world's best hope and stay  
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way  
And every turf the fierce foot clings to  
          bleeds.

Peace hath her not ignoble wreath  
Ere yet the sharp decisive word  
Light the black lips of cannon, and the  
          sword

Dreams in its caseful sheath  
But some day the live coal behind the  
          thought

Whether from Baal's stone obscene  
Or from the shrine serene  
Of God's pure altar brought,  
Bursts up in flame the war of tongue and  
          pen

Learns with what deadly purpose it was  
          fraught,  
And helpless in the fiery passion caught  
Shakes all the pillared state with shock  
          of men

Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed  
Confronts us fiercely foe-beset pursued,  
And cries reproachful Was it, then  
          my praise

And not myself was loved? Prove now  
          thy truth

I claim of thee the promise of thy youth  
Give me thy life, or cover in empty phrase,  
The victim of thy genius, not its mate.



## ODE RECITED AT THE

Life may be given in many ways,  
And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
As bravely in the closet as the field,  
So bountiful is Fate,  
But then to stand beside her,  
When craven churls deride her,  
To front a lie in arms and not to yield  
This shows, methinks, God's plan  
And measure of a stalwart man,  
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,  
Who stands self-poised on manhood's  
solid earth,  
Not forced to frame excuses for his  
birth,  
Fed from within with all the strength he  
needs

### VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,  
Whom late the Nation he had led,  
With ashes on her head,  
Wept with the passion of an angry grief  
Forgive me, if from present things I turn  
To speak what in my heart will beat and  
burn,  
And hang my wreath on his world-honoured  
urn  
Nature, they say, doth dote,  
And cannot make a man  
Save on some worn-out plan,

## HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Repeating us by rote  
For him her Old World moulds aside she  
threw

And, choosing sweet clay from the  
breast,

Of the unexhausted West  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God  
and true.

How beautiful to see  
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed  
Who loved his charge, but never loved  
to lead

One whose meek flock the people joyed  
to be,

Not lured by any cheat of birth  
But by his clear-grained human worth  
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust  
They could not choose but trust

In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill  
And supple-tempered will

That bent like perfect steel to spring again  
and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of  
mind

Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy  
bars

A sea-mark now now lost in vapours  
blind

## ODE RECITED AT THE

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,  
Fruitful and friendly for all human  
kind,

Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest  
stars

Nothing of Europe<sup>1</sup> here,  
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward  
still,

Ere any names of Serf and Peer  
Could Nature's equal scheme deface  
And thwart her genial will,  
Here was a type of the true elder race,  
And one of Plutarch's men talked with  
us face to face

I praise him not, it were too late,  
And some innate weakness there must be  
In him who condescends to victory  
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,  
Safe in himself as in a fate

So always firmly he  
He knew to bide his time,  
And can his fame abide,  
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
Till the wise years decide  
Great captains, with their guns and  
drums,

Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes,  
These all are gone, and, standing like  
a tower,

## HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Our children shall behold his fame  
The kindly-earnest brave foreseeing  
man

Sagacious patient dreading praise not  
blame.

New birth of our new soil the first  
American.

### VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern  
Or only guess some more inspiring  
goal

Outside of Self enduring as the pole  
Along whose course the flying axes burn  
Of spirits bravely pitched earth's manlier  
brood

Long as below we cannot find  
The meed that stills the inexorable mind  
So long this faith to some Ideal Good  
Under whatever mortal names it marks  
Freedom Law Country this ethereal  
mood

That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks  
Feeling its challenged pulses leap  
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap  
And set in Danger's van has all the boon  
it asks,

Shall win man's praise and woman's love  
Shall be a wisdom that we set above

## ODE RECITED AT THE

All other skills and gifts to culture dear,  
A virtue round whose forehead we en-  
wreathe

Laurels that with a living passion breathe  
When other crowns grow, while we twine  
them, sear

What brings us thronging these high  
rites to pay,  
And seal these hours the noblest of our  
year,  
Save that our brothers found this better  
way?

### VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land  
That flows with Freedom's honey and  
milk,  
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,  
Making the nettle danger soft for us as  
silk.

We welcome back our bravest and our  
best!—  
Ah me! not all! some come not with the  
rest,  
Who went forth brave and bright as any  
here!  
I strive to mix some gladness with my  
strain,  
But the sad strings complain,  
And will not please the ear

## HARVARD COMMEMORATION

I sweep them for a pæan but they wane

Again and yet again

Into a dirge, and die away in pain

In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,

Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb  
turf wraps,

Dark to the triumph which they died to  
gain

Fittier may others greet the living

For me the past is unforgiving

I with uncovered head

Salute the sacred dead

Who went, and who return not.—Say not  
so!

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay

But the high faith that failed not by the  
way

Virtue treads paths that end not in the  
grave

No bar of endless night exiles the brave

And to the saner mind

We rather seem the dead that stayed  
behind.

Blow trumpets all your exultations blow!

For never shall their aureoled presence  
lack

I see them muster in a gleaming row

With ever youthful brows that nobler show

We find in our dull road their shining  
track

## ODE RECITED AT THE

In every nobler mood  
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,  
Part of our life's unalterable good  
Of all our saintlier aspiration,  
They come transfigured back,  
Secure from change in their high-hearted  
ways,  
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays  
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

### IX

But is there hope to save  
Even this ethereal essence from the  
grave?  
What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle  
wrong  
Save a few clarion names, or golden threads  
of song?  
Before my musing eye  
The mighty ones of old sweep by,  
Disvoicèd now and insubstantial things,  
As noisy once as we, poor ghosts of  
kings,  
Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,  
And many races, nameless long ago,  
To darkness driven by that imperious  
gust  
Of ever-rushing Time that here doth  
blow

## HARVARD COMMEMORATION

O visionary world condition strange,  
Where naught abiding is but only  
Change,  
Where the deep-bolted stars themselves  
still shift and range!  
• Shall we to more continuance make  
pretence?  
Renown builds tombs a life-estate is Wit  
And, bit by bit,  
The cunning years steal all from us but  
woe  
Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest  
sow  
But when we vanish hence,  
Shall they lie forceless in the dark below?  
Save to make green their little length  
of sods,  
Or deepen pansies for a year or two  
Who now to us are shining-sweet as  
gods?  
Was dying all they had the skill to do?  
That were not fruitless but the Soul  
resents  
Such short-lived service as if blind events  
Ruled without her or earth could so  
endure  
She claims a more divine investiture  
Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents  
Whatever she touches doth her nature  
share



## ODE RECITED AT THE

Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,  
Gives eyes to mountains blind,  
Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the  
wind,

And her clear trump sings succour every-  
where

By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind,  
For soul inherits all that soul could dare

Yea, Manhood hath a wider span  
And larger privilege of life than man  
The single deed, the private sacrifice,  
So radiant now through proudly-hidden  
tears,

Is covered up erelong from mortal eyes  
With thoughtless drift of the deciduous  
years,

But that high privilege that makes all  
men peers,

That leap of heart whereby a people rise  
Up to a noble anger's height,

And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink,  
but grow more bright,

That swift validity in noble veins  
Of choosing danger and disdaining  
shame,

Of being set on flame  
By the pure fire that flies all contact  
base,

But wraps its chosen with angelic might,  
These are imperishable gains,

## HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Sure as the sun medicinal as light  
These hold great futures in their lusty  
reins  
And certify to earth a new Imperial race.

x

Who now shall sneer?  
Who dare again to say we trace  
Our lines to a plebeian race?  
Roundhead and Cavalier!  
Dumb are those names erewhile in battle  
loud  
Dream footed as the shadow of a cloud  
They flit across the ear  
That is best blood that hath most iron in it  
To edge resolve with pouring without  
stint  
For what makes manhood dear  
Tell us not of Plantagenets,  
Hapsburgs and Guelfs, whose thin bloods  
crawl  
Down from some victor in a border brawl!  
How poor their outworn coronets  
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic  
wreath  
Our brave for honour's blazon shall be-  
queath  
Through whose desert a rescued Nation  
sets

## ODE RECITED AT THE

Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears  
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen  
ears

With vain resentments and more vain  
regrets!

c

### XI

Not in anger, not in pride,  
Pure from passion's mixture rude,  
Ever to base earth allied,  
But with far-heard gratitude,  
Still with heart and voice renewed,  
To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,  
The strain should close that consecrates  
our brave

Lift the heart and lift the head!  
Lofty be its mood and grave,  
Not without a martial ring,  
Not without a prouder tread  
And a peal of exultation  
Little right has he to sing  
Through whose heart in such an  
hour

Beats no march of conscious power,  
Sweeps no tumult of elation!  
'Tis no Man we celebrate,  
By his country's victories great,  
A hero half, and half the whim of  
Fate,

## HARVARD COMMEMORATION

But the pith and marrow of a  
Nation

Drawing force from all her men  
Highest, humblest, weakest all  
For her time of need and then  
Pulsing it again through them,

Till the basest can no longer cower  
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall  
Touched but in passing by her mantle  
hem.

Come back, then noble pride, for 'tis her  
dower!

How could poet ever tower  
If his passions, hopes, and fears,  
If his triumphs and his tears,  
Kept not measure with his people?

Boom cannon boom to all the winds and  
waves!

Clash out glad bells, from every rocking  
steeple!

Banners advance with triumph bend your  
staves!

And from every mountain-peak  
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon  
speak,

Katahdin tell Monadnock Whiteface  
he

And so leap on in light from sea to sea,  
Till the glad news be sent  
Across a kindling continent

## ODE RECITED AT THE

Making earth feel more firm and air breathe  
braver

“Be proud! for she is saved, and all have  
helped to save her!

She that lifts up the manhood of the  
poor,

She of the open soul and open door,  
With room about her hearth for all  
mankind!

The fire is dreadful in her eyes no  
more,

From her bold front the helm she doth  
unbind,

Sends all her handmaid armies back  
to spin,

And bids her navies, that so lately hurled  
Their crashing battle, hold their thun-  
ders in,

Swimming like birds of calm along  
the unharmed shore

No challenge sends she to the elder  
world,

That looked askance and hated, a  
light scorn

Plays o'er her mouth, as round her  
mighty knees

She calls her children back, and  
waits the morn

Of nobler day, enthroned between her  
subject seas ”

# HARVARD COMMEMORATION

## XII

Bow down dear Land, for thou hast found  
release!

Thy God, in these distempered days  
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of  
His ways,

And through thine enemies hath wrought  
thy peace!

Bow down in prayer and praise!  
No poorest in thy borders but may now  
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfran-  
chised brow

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!  
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled  
hair

O'er such sweet brows as never other  
wore,

And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse

The rosy edges of their smile lay bare  
What words divine of lover or of poet  
Could tell our love and make thee know it  
Among the Nations bright beyond com-  
pare?

What were our lives without thee?

What all our lives to save thee?

We reckon not what we gave thee

We will not dare to doubt thee

But ask whatever else, and we will dare!